

# The Daily Mirror

No. 405.

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as a Newspaper.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1905.

One Halfpenny.

## ASSASSINATION OF THE GRAND DUKE SERGIUS.



The Grand Duke Sergius, uncle of the Tsar, who was assassinated by a bomb thrown under his carriage while his Imperial Highness was driving to the Palace of the Kremlin at Moscow yesterday. He was one of the Grand Dukes responsible for the brutal suppression of the great popular demonstrations in Russia, and has for a long time been extremely unpopular. The two assassins who threw the bomb while sitting in a cab drawn up by the roadside have been arrested. One of them was severely wounded by the explosion, which blew the carriage of the Grand Duke and its occupants to atoms.



DAISY.—Find it impossible. Wait a week.—K. T.  
 RATHER not, thank you. What happened to Fido.—J. A. T.—Least said, soonest mended. Little else.—G. M. N.  
 CAPITAL not enough. Will you try again.—COPTHALL.  
 PATER.—Have been miserable. Is no compromise possible?—FILLAS.  
 MISSING.—Should this reach the eye of anyone who wishes to reach a friend or relative, who has disappeared abroad, in the Colonies, or in the United States, let him advertise in the "Over-Sea Daily Mail," which reaches every town in the whole world where any English-speaking person is to be found. Specimen copy and terms on application to Advertising Department, "Over-Sea Daily Mail," 3, Carnarvon House, Temple, London, E.C.

The above advertisements are received up to 4 p.m. and are charged at the rate of eight words for 1s. 6d. and 2d. per word afterwards. They can be brought to the office or sent by post with postal order. Trade advertisements in the Personal Column, eight words for 4s. and 6d. per word after.—Address: Advertisement Manager, "Mirror," 12, Whitehall-st., London.

## THEATRES and MUSIC-HALLS.

DALY'S THEATRE.—Manager, Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS.—EVERY EVENING at 8.15, the new Musical Play entitled *THE CINGALESE*. MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.30.

HOLLYWOOD THEATRE. Mr. TREE. TO-DAY at 2.15 and EVERY EVENING at 8.15, *Shakespeare's Comedy MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING*. Benedick.....Mr. TREE. Beatrice.....Miss WINIFRED EMERY. (By arrangement with Messrs. Harrison and Maunde.) MATINEE EVERY MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, SATURDAY. Box-office (Mr. Watts), open 10 to 10.

IMPERIAL. MR. LEWIS WALLER. TO-DAY at 2.15 and EVERY EVENING at 8.15. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY. 2.15.

ST. JAMES'S.—MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER. TO-DAY 2.45 and EVERY EVENING at 8 punctually, a new and original comedy by Alfred Sutor, entitled *COLLEGE BOYS IN A HURRY*. At 2.15 and 8.30, A MAKER OF MEN, by Alfred Sutor. MATINEE (both plays) EVERY WED. and SAT. at 2.15.

MR. ROBERT ARTHUR'S LONDON THEATRES.  
 KENNINGTON THEATRE.—Tel. 1006 Hep. TO-NIGHT at 7.45, CHARLEY'S Aunt. TO-DAY, Feb. 16th, SPECIAL AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE, at 3.15, by the ELIZABETHAN STAGE SOCIETY, of the old morality play, *EVERYMAN*. Next Week, Feb. 20th, return visit of Mr. George Edwards's Company, in the Second Edition of the successful musical play, *THE ORCHID*.

From the Gaiety Theatre.  
 Mr. George Gregory, Miss Ella Gertrude, Mr. Charles Brown, Miss Gertrude Gyllan, Mr. Donald Hall, Miss Gertrude Gyllan, Mr. Edith Ogilvie, Miss Amy Payne, Mr. E. W. Coleman, Miss Ethel Griffin, Mr. Clifford Syer, Miss Katie Leechman.  
 MATINEE THURSDAY, at 2.30.  
 Box-office, 10 to 10.

CORONET THEATRE, W.—Tel. 1273 Kens. TO-NIGHT at 8, Mr. Clifford Syer and Mr. Arthur Caudwell present *THE DUKE OF KILCRANKIE*. NEXT WEEK, Mr. F. R. BENSON'S *PERFECT BEAST*. TO-DAY, Feb. 16th, to Mr. Caudwell.

CAMDEN THEATRE, N.W.—Tel. 328 K.C. NIGHTLY, at 8, MATINEE TO-DAY, 2.30 K.C. Mr. MARTIN HARVEY and full West End Company. ONLY ONE NEXT WEEK, the Musical Comedy, *KITTY GREY*, from the Apollo Theatre. Farewell visit.

CROWN THEATRE, Peckham.—Tel. 412 Hop. NIGHTLY, at 7.30, MATINEE TO-DAY, 2. LAST TWO PERFORMANCES OF *THE ALADDIN*. MONDAY NEXT, the Musical Play, *PEGGY MACREE*. The entire company from Wyndham's Theatre, including Mr. DENIS O'BRIEN and Miss MAURIE DALTON.

FULHAM THEATRE, S.W.—Tel. 376 Kens. TO-NIGHT at 8, The new Musical Play, *PEGGY MACREE*. NEXT WEEK, CHARLEY'S Aunt. Comedy Theatre Company, including Mr. HENDON THOMAS. Half West End prices at all Theatres.

THE COLISEUM.  
 Trafalgar-square end of St. Martin's-lane. FOUR PERFORMANCES DAILY, at 12 noon, 3 o'clock, 6 o'clock, and 9 o'clock. TWO ALTERNATE PROGRAMMES. Boxes 2s. and 4s. Other seats 4s., 5s., 2s., 1s., and 6d. All seats in all parts numbered and reserved. Stamped addressed envelopes should accompany all postal applications for seats. Telegrams: Coliseum London. Telephone No. 7,541 Gerrard.

THE LYCEUM, Strand. Twice Nightly. PLEASE NOTE TIMES HAVE REVERTED TO 6.30 and 9. MATINEES WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS at 2.30. Selection from *IL TROVATORE* by THE LYCEUM OPERATIC COMPANY. Mr. Lawrence, Picard Troupe, the Catinace, Edward F. Reynard, Akimovs, Walton and Miss Ella, Tine, E. Finglas, Norman French, Animated Pictures, The Harmony Four, Browning and Wally, Slag's Motor Sensation.  
 Box-office open ten to ten. Telephone 7,618 Gerrard. Prices: Stalls 3s., Circle 2s., Pit Stalls 1s. All former can be booked. Amphitheatre 6d., Gallery 3d. Children half-price to all parts, all performances.  
 J. J. HARRISON, General Managing Director.

## AMUSEMENTS, CONCERTS, Etc.

CRYSTAL PALACE. TO-DAY. A COUNTRY MOUSE, in Theatre, 3.0 and 8.0. VIOLIN, PIANOFORTE, and SONG RECITAL, at 3.30, by TIVADAR NACHBERG and SCHONBERGER. EVAN WILLIAMS. Reserved seats 4s. and 2s., unreserved 1s. DULWICH PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY CONCERT, 7.30. ELGAR'S "KING OLAF". Reserved seats 2s., unreserved 1s. Roller Skating on Great Amphitheatre. Military Band, and numerous other attractions.

ROYAL ITALIAN CIRCUS, "HENGLER'S," OXFORD-CIRCUS, W. Over 200 Acting and Performing Animals. Daily, at 2 and 8. Prices, 1s. to 5s.; children half-price. Box-office 10 to 10. Tel. 4,138 Ger.

## TORREY-ALEXANDER MISSION.

MEN ONLY.

EXETER HALL, STRAND.

SUNDAY, 3.30 p.m.



# WILL SWALLOWING IRON PROMOTE HAIR GROWTH?

## JOHN CRAVEN-BURLEIGH'S PLAIN WORDS OF WARNING

### STATEMENT BY "THE LANCET" JAN. 21st, 1905

Any internal preparation that claims to make the hair grow is some preparation of iron.

Iron requires to be taken with caution and discrimination, preferably under the advice of a qualified physician. The idea of copiously dosing the system with iron in order to get back the hair is a fantastic theory, which, hardly necessary to say, is not endorsed by the medical profession, and has been repudiated by the *Lancet*—the leading medical journal of this country.

Iron is only suitable for certain constitutions, and its use without discrimination is harmful and in fact dangerous in peculiar conditions of the system. Hemoglobin, or iron, is obtained from animal blood, and is sold in capsule form under fancy titles. Such preparations, like fresh air, nourishing food, and good wine, by fortifying the system, may in certain rare physical conditions incidentally affect hair growth favourably. But, unlike well-recognised external formulae, iron exercises no specific action on the scalp, and to recommend it indiscriminately to persons troubled with falling or prematurely grey hair is a responsibility the nature of which only a physician can determine. External preparations were used by Sir Erasmus Wilson, recognised as the most distinguished hair and skin specialist, and external preparations are employed by the leading dermatologists and hair specialists—physicians of acknowledged skill and of the clearest reputation—men who do not cling to obsolete methods or traditions. External preparations may vary in merit, but they have mostly all the merit of being safe.

Read what "The Lancet" (Jan. 21st, 1905) says:

## MALADVERTISEMENT

"Our attention has been called to an advertisement in various newspapers of the articles issued by the—Company or—London, E.C. The advertisement implies, and we must believe it is intended to imply, that 'The Lancet' has recommended the wares of the—Company, Limited, to prevent hair from falling out or turning prematurely grey. Of course, we have done nothing of the sort, though we can hardly hope that our reputation of the opinion attributed to us will cause the advertisers to refrain from their incorrect statements. We noticed favourably certain preparations manufactured by this company as a method of administering iron. It would seem that the proprietors of the—Company having assumed for trade purposes that iron well administered prevents hair from falling out or turning grey consider themselves justified in publishing or at any rate hinting that 'The Lancet' has recommended their preparations for this purpose. We do not think highly of the morality or manners of such tactics."

My preparation is in pomade form, and under the name of the "John Craven-Burleigh Hair Grower" is favourably known to scores of thousands of persons of every nationality throughout the civilised world. I can produce more authoritative testimonials than, I believe, any other hair remedy in the world.

My offer now is a straightforward honest proposition from a business man to sensible men and women. If you will write to me I will send you a LARGE TRIAL BOX of the John Craven-Burleigh True Hair Grower, for six stamps only. I was Bald; I cured me and it has cured thousands of others. Package will be sent securely sealed in plain wrapper.

## JOHN CRAVEN-BURLEIGH

27s CRAVEN HOUSE,  
 Opposite British Museum, London

## PICTORIAL POSTCARDS FOR 1905.

The very best. Lovely Colours and Process Work. ALL DIFFERENT AND ALL POST FREE.  
 21 Holiday Resorts and Charmful Spots .. .. 1/6  
 21 London Views in Beautiful Colour .. .. 1/6  
 21 Humorous and Comic .. .. 1/6  
 21 Aquarists, Dutch, etc. .. .. 1/6  
 21 Favourite Actresses and Celebrities .. .. 1/6  
 21 Spectacles, Hand-painted, etc. .. .. 1/6  
 OUR FAMOUS PACKET OF 50, All New Trade and Different, 1/6, or PER GROSS, 3/; Retail Lists Free. Central Postcard Agency, 9-11, Gower-st., London, E.C.



## WORK FOR ALL!

We give a Nickel-Silver Timekeeper and a Mexican Silver Watch Chain with guarantee to keep correct time for three years, or a Lady's or Gent's Hinged Gold Watch FREE to any person sending 48 Penny Pictorial Postcards within Twenty-one Days. You can sell them in an hour. Send name and address (Postcard will do).

BRITISH FINE ART CO., 115, Strand, London, W.C.

BRAMPTON.—On February 13, at 22, Bromley-road, Beckenham, Kent, the wife of John Brampton, of 4, Laughton.  
 HENLE.—On February 14, at 9, Radnor-place, W. Rachel, the wife of Frederick T. H. Henle, of a son. (Corrected notice).  
 JAMES.—On the 14th inst., at "Cranford," Byron-road, Mill-hill, N.W., a son to the wife of W. Warwick James.  
 JOSEPH.—On Wednesday, February 15, at 7, Westbourne Terrace-road, W., the wife of Arthur B. Joseph, of a son.

## MARRIAGES.

MORT-GLENNIE.—On February 15, at St. Mark's, North Audley-street, by the Rev. Ernest Mort, vicar of St. James's, Grosvenor (brother of the bridegroom), assisted by the Rev. J. S. Leake, vicar of All Saints', Grosvenor, the Rev. H. H. Hadden, vicar of the parish, Captain Gray Mort, 8th Hussars, youngest son of the late T. S. Mort, of Greenacres, Sydney, and of Mrs. T. S. Mort, of South Park, Haslemere, to Sylvia, daughter of the late Parahyul Glennie (late 24th Regiment), of Clammer-hill, Haslemere.  
 STYLE-BAZLEY-WHITE.—On February 15, at All Saints' Church, Ennismore-gardens, S.W., by the Rev. the Hon. E. H. Courtenay, rector of Powderham, Devon, assisted by the Rev. H. W. Trower, rector of Painsley, Bucks, Robert Henry Style, of Boxley House, near Maidstone, youngest son of the late Mr. Albert Frederick Style, to Grace Winifred, third daughter of Mr. and Lady Grace Bazley-White, Winton Garden, near Maidstone.

## DEATHS.

CHATER.—On February 13, at 17, The Hawthorns, Finchley, suddenly from heart failure, William George Chater, Esq., of Cambridge, aged 78.  
 DION.—On February 16, at La Vendée, Fairfield-road, Croydon, Flora Isabel, beloved wife of Hippolyte A. Dion, EMBRE.—On the 14th inst., at her residence, "The Elms," Fitz-roy, Lower Edmonton, N., Elias Emre, in the 73rd year of her age.  
 LAYTON.—On the 15th inst., at Trevelgue, Regent's Park-road, Finchley, Emma Isabella, second daughter of the late Charles Layton.  
 SMITH.—On the 14th inst., at 6, Terrapin-road, Upper Tooting, S.W., Caroline, widow of the late Frederick George Smith, aged 77, formerly of 20, St. Leonard's-terrace, Chelsea. Funeral at Elmwood Cemetery, to-day. Train leaves Necropolis Station, Westminster Bridge-road, 11.50 a.m.  
 SOAMES.—On February 15, at Bromley, Kent, Caroline, wife of Eley Soames, aged 70.  
 VARLEY.—On the 15th inst., of heart failure, at her residence, 172, Holland Park-avenue, W., Emily Varley, aged 87.  
 WAINE.—On February 16, 1905, at Newtoning Butts, Catherine Waine, sister of the late William Waine.

**AN EXTRAORDINARY OFFER.**  
 STUDENTS' COMPLETE  
**WRITING CABINET DESK**  
 Our Standard and Published and fitted with Velvet Writing Centre (valued over three shillings) with Lock and Key.  
 With each Cabinet desk will be  
**PRESENTED FREE!**  
 Crystal Glass Ink Bottle, with Glass Cup, Two Pretty Ivory Fancy Penholders, Nickel Pocket Penholder, Two Lead Pencils, Large Red Sealing Wax, Large of Red Sealing Wax, Mounted Magnifying Glass, a good supply of Writing Paper, Envelopes, Blotting and Pens.  
 Please mention this advertisement when you order.  
 Ask for Parcel No. 16. Money refunded on return of complete desk and outfit. 21s. 11d. Carriage Free.  
**FRANCIS & Co., Exchange St., Norwich**

# BORWICK'S

THE BEST BAKING POWDER IN THE WORLD.

## TO BE GIVEN AWAY Absolutely Free On Monday, March 13th, 1905. 50 ORIENTAL TABLES, Value 10s. 6d. each.

To advertise this marvellous line we are giving away, absolutely Free, one to each of the 50 applicants whose names are drawn first on March 13th next. A sample of these Tables is now on view at all our Branches, where application forms can be obtained, or sent on receipt of halfpenny stamped envelope.

## STAR FURNISHING CO.

DALSTON—49 and 51, BALLS POND-ROAD. HIGHBURY—247, UPPER STREET. CAMDEN TOWN—46, HIGH STREET. HOLLOWAY—143, SEVEN SISTERS-ROAD. STOKES NEWINGTON-ROAD—171, 172, 173, Tottenham West Hackney Church. HARRINGWAY—3, GRAND-PARADE (near Salisbury Hotel). TOTENHAM—758, HIGH-ROAD (near Hotspur's ground). ENFIELD TOWN—2, PALACE-PARADE. WALTHAMSTOW—255, 257, 259, HIGH-STREET (Hill-street). PECKHAM—156, RYE-LANE (near Public Hall). FURNITURE ON EASY TERMS. Every Description. New & Second Hand. Any quantity supplied from 1s. per month. NO SECURITY REQUIRED. Delivered Free. 10 per Cent. Discount for Cash.  
**STAR FURNISHING CO.**  
 Established 1879.

## PEACHES and CURTAINS

SALE FINISHES FEB. 7, 1904 PRICE LIST STOCK is now selling with SPECIAL DISCOUNT from Regular Price. Write to-day for BARGAIN SALE CATALOGUE, SAMPLER AND SON'S NEW BARGAIN HOUSE, Box 219, NOTTINGHAM. Now is the time to replenish your household stock in Lace Curtains, Linens, Blankets, English-made Hosiery, etc., and obtain the advantage of this Genuine Reduction from 1904 Price List Stock. Order before the Stock is cleared. 1905 Price List ready February 8th.



# GRAND DUKE ASSASSINATED

The Tsar's Uncle Killed by  
Nihilist Bomb.

## BLOWN TO PIECES.

Terrible Scene of Bloodshed in  
Moscow Street.

## ASSASSINS ARRESTED.

The Tsar Sits Terror-Stricken by  
His Baby's Cradle.

## RUSSIA'S REIGN OF TERROR

The Nihilists have fulfilled their threat.  
Once more their mysterious organisation has planned in secret and carried out with deadly precision a murder plot of the most appalling character.

Another of Russia's foremost men, uncle and brother-in-law of the Tsar, has been suddenly assailed with the dreadful weapon of the bomb-thrower, and has been in an instant blown out of existence.

The Grand Duke Sergius left the Kremlin Palace in Moscow yesterday a man in the prime of life, strong and well, full of energy and interest, looking forward to many years of stern, pitiless work in the interests of unbending autocracy.

Now there remains nothing but the fragments of his mangled body—merely the broken remnants of what was once a man.

After the brutal treatment of the St. Petersburg workmen on January 22, and the cruel days that followed; after the ruthless repression of reform agitation in other parts of the Russian Empire, some equally ruthless measure of revenge was only to be looked for.

### MASSSES CURSED HIS NAME.

That the Nihilists selected the Grand Duke Sergius can cause no surprise. He was the very embodiment of all that they are fighting against. What their last victim De Plehve did from a sense of duty, and because he was employed to do it, Sergius did with all his heart, for the reason that it was thoroughly in accordance with his nature.

With every class the Grand Duke was unpopular. Nobles disliked him for his haughty bearing. The middle-classes feared and distrusted his velvet-glove methods. The masses cursed the name of the tyrant who ruled Moscow with a rod of iron. The Tsar's position is one to compel sympathy. However much one may deplore his foolish and wrong-headed treatment of reform proposals one cannot help feeling pity for the man who sees one after another of his lieutenants hurled, without a moment's warning, into Eternity, and knows that any hour he himself may share their fate.

As he sits by the cradle of his infant heir his mind must be tormented by doubts of the future. Will that baby boy ever ascend the throne of his ancestors? Will his father see him grow up to manhood? Or will he wander the earth, an orphaned exile, driven from the land over which the House of Romanoff has reigned so long?

Pitiful, too, is the position of the Empress. Her health has already weakened under the strain of the past month. She feels the ground that once seemed so firm quaking and trembling under her feet. How will she bear this fresh blow—the husband of her elder sister, her own uncle by marriage, torn from life in this ghastly way?

## HOW THE FIRST NEWS CAME.

Dreadful Deed Told to the World in a  
Few Words.

The first intimation that anything untoward had occurred in Moscow was contained in a Reuter telegram as follows, received at two o'clock yesterday afternoon:—

ST. PETERSBURG, Friday.—A telephone message from Moscow reports an explosion at the Kremlin Palace, where the Grand Duke Sergius is at present residing. The occurrence has caused great alarm among the population.

All sorts of rumours are in circulation regarding the effects of the explosion, and one rumour goes

so far as to say that the Grand Duke himself was killed, but so far this report remains without confirmation.

An hour later came the following fateful message:—

ST. PETERSBURG, Friday.—To-day, as the Grand Duke Sergius was driving in the direction of the Kremlin Palace from the Historical Museum, he was assassinated.

Close to the Law Courts a cab occupied by two persons was waiting. When the carriage of his Imperial Highness passed the cab followed, and a bomb was thrown under the Grand Duke's carriage.

A violent explosion followed; the carriage was blown to pieces, and the Grand Duke was killed. The murderers were arrested, one of them grievously wounded.

Several students have been arrested.

### DUKE'S WIFE WARNED.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Friday.—The news of the assassination of the Grand Duke Sergius caused a profound sensation here.

Though his Imperial Highness was the most unpopular man in Moscow, his wife was adored by the people so much that when the revolutionists decided to assassinate the Duke they sent a letter to her warning her against accompanying her husband in the streets.

## AT THE RUSSIAN EMBASSY.

First News of the Assassination Brought by  
the "Daily Mirror."

The first intimation received by the Russian Embassy in London of the assassination in Moscow of the Tsar's uncle, the Grand Duke Sergius, came from the *Daily Mirror*.

Prince Louis of Battenberg, brother-in-law of the late Duke, drove up with the same tragic information only a moment or two later. The widowed Duchess had telegraphed the sad news to her sister, the wife of Prince Louis.

The high official who received the news which the *Daily Mirror* brought broke down in his grief, and for a few moments was unable to take any action.

When he recovered himself he hastened to telephone the news in answer to an inquiry from Buckingham Palace.

Later he expressed himself more horrified than surprised. The Grand Duke's stern conservatism, he said, had made him the object of the most intense hatred by the people.

## WHERE THE GRAND DUKE LIVED.

Since the labour troubles began in Russia the Grand Duke Sergius has been living with his family at the Kremlin in Moscow.

This Palace is a town in itself, and contains no fewer than seventy-six chapels. It is built on an elevation overlooking the river, protected by stone walls fifty feet high, and with the aid of artillery could be rendered impregnable from the attacks of troops not equipped with heavy guns.

The principal entrance to the Kremlin from the city is through the "Holy Gate," where every person, from Tsar to peasant, has to doff his head-covering on passing under the sacred arch.

## GAMBLING ON THE TSAR'S LIFE.

The news of the assassination of the Grand Duke Sergius will tend, the *Daily Mirror* learnt at Lloyd's yesterday, to considerably stiffen the rate for insurances on the Tsar's life, which, at present, stood at forty guineas per cent.

At the same time, for the last two days, no business of the kind had been done, and yesterday there were no offers.

Nitro-glycerine is the explosive from which bombs are mainly formed, together with imperfectly nitrified wood-fibre. This was employed by the Fenians in the attempted outrages in Glasgow and London in 1883.

## RUSSIANS RETREAT.

Kuropatkin's Difficulties Point to Early  
Negotiations for Peace.

Marshal Oyama reports, says a Tokio message of yesterday, that the Russian cavalry advance southwards has been checked, and that the enemy are retreating. Positions and passes north of Mukden have been fortified, which points to an intention to retreat.

British members of Parliament acquainted with Russian affairs express confident belief that the preliminary steps for the negotiation of peace will very shortly be taken, since General Kuropatkin will be unable to provide for his troops.

Prince Frederick of Prussia, who is on the way to Manchuria, arrived in St. Petersburg yesterday with a letter from the Kaiser to the Tsar, and lunched with the Tsar and Tsaritsa at the Alexandra Palace.

Mr. Pobedonosteff, Procurator-General of the Holy Synod, has been compelled by the state of his health to take a prolonged rest.

## HOW THE DEED WAS DONE.

Grand Duke's Head and Limbs  
Blown Off.

## GRAND DUCHESS'S GRIEF.

ST. PETERSBURG, Friday, 8.30 p.m.—Further details have been received regarding the assassination of the Grand Duke Sergius in Moscow.

His Imperial Highness was driving from the Nicholas Palace through the Senate Square. Behind his carriage came two cabs. At the Law Courts a sledge, in which two men were seated, one of them dressed like a workman, shot out ahead of the Grand Duke's carriage. It then slowed up, and allowed the latter to pass.

At this moment a bomb was thrown beneath the carriage. The explosion was so great that all the windows in the Law Courts were smashed, and the report was heard outside the city. The carriage was blown to pieces, nothing but the four wheels remaining.

The horses were unhurt and bolted. The Grand Duke Sergius was killed instantaneously, his head and limbs being torn from the body. The driver was so seriously burned and otherwise injured that he died on the way to the hospital.

### "I DON'T CARE."

The murderers were at once arrested. Their names are not yet known. One of them coolly remarked, "I don't care. I have done my job."

The sound of the explosion immediately attracted a large crowd, and only a few moments after the outrage people were to be seen picking up fragments of wood and torn clothing.

The gates of the Kremlin were promptly closed, but on the red square outside a demonstration was made by the crowd against a number of students who had begun to scatter revolutionary proclamations.

Some of the students were very roughly handled, so much so, indeed, that a magistrate from the adjacent law courts gave orders for a number of the assailants to be arrested.

When the Grand Duchess Elizabeth was apprised of the event she rushed out without hat or cloak and hastened to the scene of the assassination. The remains of the Grand Duke were taken to the Nicholas Palace.—Reuter.

## MILLIONAIRE'S WIVES.

Sensational Allegations in the Action Against  
Mr. Frank Gardner.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Friday.—At the First Civil Chamber to-day Mr. Labori terminated his pleadings on behalf of Mrs. Carrie Gardner in her action against Mr. Frank Gardner, the American millionaire.

Mrs. Gardner wants the Court to make Mr. Gardner, who she says is her husband, grant her a substantial allowance, or failing that asks for £40,000 damages.

Among the documents produced by Mr. Labori was an affidavit, unsigned and unworn, purporting to have been made by Mr. Jules Schwartz, a Paris banker.

In the affidavit Mr. Schwartz is alleged to have asserted that Mrs. Gardner knew all the time that she was not the wife of the defendant.

To-day Mr. Schwartz denied the authenticity of the document.

Another document, which Mr. Labori described as "Forgery No. 2," was an envelope addressed to "Mrs. S. L. Gardner," and alleged to have been written by Mrs. Carrie Gardner.

This envelope was supposed to prove that Mrs. C. Gardner knew of the existence of another lady who called herself the wife of Mr. Frank Gardner.

The most sensational evidence, however, was the statement that Mr. Gardner was first married in 1872 to a Miss Derringer, and that he left her five days later, taking several millions of dollars belonging to her.

## ONCE A GROCER'S BOY.

Death of a Millionaire Who Twice Made  
Large Fortunes.

A brave heart and indomitable energy enabled Mr. Jay Cooke, once a grocer's boy, who has just died in New York, to pay off all the 3,000 creditors of his banking firm when it failed in 1873, and to build up an even wealthier business than he controlled before.

Born in Ohio eighty-four years ago, he worked his way up so rapidly from the humblest position in a grocery store that the firm of Jay Cooke and Co. was able to float nearly the whole of the £750,000,000 of bonds issued by the North during the great Civil War.

The Northern Pacific Railroad owed its construction to him, and led to his temporary ruin.

## DIARY OF AN M.P.

Government's Fate in the Hands of  
Mr. Chamberlain.

## WHAT WILL HE DO?

M.P.'s Think the Opposition "Foozled"  
on the Fiscal Question.

## FRICITION IN THE CABINET

Friday Evening.—Talk in the Lobbies to-day has turned almost entirely on the position of the Government by the division last evening. I find there is a much stronger body of opinion in favour of my contention that the substantial majority secured by the Government must not in any sense be regarded as ensuring them an easy life during the session.

A close examination of the voting list shows that a very large number of their supporters last night consist of men who can only be brought up on very rare occasions; and in response to the urgent summonses of the Party Whips.

The number of absentees, too, on the Unionist side is a matter which may give the Government some concern.

### WAITING FOR JOVE'S NOD.

Of course, the whole situation now turns on whether or not Mr. Chamberlain's particular friends will, by their abstention, bring about a crisis for the Government.

The free-flooders among the Party have so far openly asserted that Mr. Chamberlain had not a sufficient number of personal adherents to deliberately bring about a defeat of the Government. I am inclined to the belief, however, that this is not quite accurate, and it is now clear to me that the slightest hint from Mr. Chamberlain would be sufficient to bring about the realisation of his expressed desires as to a dissolution.

It is now admitted by some of the most responsible leaders of the Opposition that the frontal attack on the fiscal policy was at the present moment a mistake, and that they would have been much better advised to have concentrated their attention upon some other issue.

As a well-known member of the Opposition expressed it to Mr. Balfour during the division last night: "The Opposition have 'foozled' at the start." To Mr. Balfour's smiling mind this sally caused him infinite amusement.

### SIR A. MACDONNELL'S POSITION.

Members of the Commons were more interested in the somewhat personal debate which took place in the House of Lords on the position of Sir Antony Macdonnell than they were in the question of Chinese labour.

As I have already stated, this question has given the Cabinet a considerable amount of trouble, and there is no doubt that there is a sharp division of opinion on the subject among Ministers.

In a speech full of tact, Lord Lansdowne smoothed matters over, with the result that Sir Antony will not resign for the moment, although the Irish members will return to the attack in the Commons on Monday next, and will seek to fasten the responsibility for Sir Antony's conduct upon the Government.

There has been much talk in the Lobbies about the Government's agreement with the National Telephone Company. It is felt that the company have secured better terms than they were entitled to, and the Government will be asked to fix an early date when the entire matter can be discussed.

## BUSINESS DONE.

Dr. Macnamara's amendment to the Address on the subject of Chinese Labour in the Transvaal occupied the House of Commons during yesterday's brief sitting, which terminated at 5.40.

His principal points were that the Government had given assurances that the wives and families of coolies should accompany them, while of 27,933 Chinese coolies in South Africa on Saturday last only two had brought their wives; the Celestials only received 30s. a month wages against the Kafirs' 45s.; Chinese had been used as overseers, posts reserved for white men.

The Government majority on the division was 61—275 against 214.

In the Lords, Sir Antony Macdonnell's conduct of his office as Under-Secretary for Ireland was forcibly defended by Lord Dunsen. Lord Westmeath declared that Irish loyalists were extremely uneasy at Sir Antony's apparent presumption in inaugurating a policy of which Irish Unionists emphatically disapproved.

Lord Lansdowne said that Sir Antony had in no way tarnished the high reputation he brought from India.

The House adjourned at 6.50.



## BRIDEGROOM SAYS FAREWELL TO LIFE.

Missing Officer's Body Washed  
Ashore at Folkestone.

### PATHETIC LETTER.

Dear May,—I cannot stand this awful feeling any longer, and must end it. My illness, I am sure, is something very bad, but I am nearly mad.

This pathetic note was found in the pocket of Major Henry Francis Pakenham's overcoat, which was discovered upon Folkestone beach after his disappearance last Friday from the Royal Pavilion Hotel, where he had been staying with his newly-married bride.

"I shan't be long," he told Mrs. Pakenham. The wedding only took place on Tuesday week—as he went out, ostensibly for a stroll.

But he did not return. Mrs. Pakenham waited up for him till she was exhausted from loss of sleep. The next day search was made along the beach and throughout the town, but without avail, except for the finding of the discarded overcoat.

Yesterday his body was observed by a boatman near Folkestone Pier, close to the spot where the overcoat had lain. It had evidently been washed up by the tide.

### Tell-Tale Blotting-pad.

At the Folkestone Town Hall yesterday afternoon it was stated that the first indication causing fears as to Major Pakenham's fate was the discovery on the blotting-pad in his young bride's room of the text of the above letter.

Mr. Arthur Pakenham, of 6, Chesham-street, London, S.W., brother of the Major, stated that he was with him on the day of the wedding, and saw him and his bride off from Charing Cross for Folkestone. He had never seen the Major in better spirits.

He suffered from enteric fever whilst serving with the 60th Rifles in the South African war in 1901. He rejoined his regiment in 1902, and at the end of that war proceeded to Malta, where he served with his regiment till August, 1903, when he returned home on leave.

### Fever and Nervous Breakdown.

Shortly after he had an attack of fever, from which he suffered from October, 1903, to April, 1904, four and a half months of which he spent in a nursing home. He became convalescent about May, and improved very much in health from that time onwards till December, when he had a nervous breakdown.

He consulted his medical adviser, Mr. H. Roxburgh Fuller, of Curzon-street, London, who took him to consult a celebrated nerve specialist. They both assured him that the nervous breakdown was merely temporary, and would not interfere in any way with his contemplated marriage.

He identified the letter produced as in his brother's writing.

Mrs. Pakenham was too ill to attend the inquest. Constable Cadogan gave details of the recovery of the body at four o'clock in the morning.

Dr. Gilbert deposed that there were several wounds on the face, and one at the angle of the jaw had the appearance of a bullet-wound, but he had carefully examined it and found no exit for a bullet, so thought it might have been caused by grapefruit. He considered death was due to drowning.

### Must Pull Himself Together.

Mr. Arthur Pakenham, in reply to the coroner, said his brother's widow told him Major Pakenham left her sitting-room in the hotel at half-past six on February 11 saying he was going down to the lounge to read and play a game of cards. He then seemed well, but had been nervous during the afternoon, and told her he considered he had been so without reason, and must buck up and pull himself together.

There was no reason to think he intended taking his life. The Major settled a large sum of money on his wife when he married.

The jury returned a verdict of Suicide during temporary insanity, due to mental depression.

Mr. Barnes, solicitor, who watched the case on behalf of the family, said statements had appeared in the Press that Major Pakenham had disappeared before and turned up again. He wished emphatically to state that there was no truth in this.

Mrs. Pakenham proceeded to London yesterday utterly broken down by the tragedy.

### STRAIGHT SHOOTING FOR ALL.

The Earl of Meath has given notice of a question he will put to the Government on Monday respecting the universal military training of young men in this country.

He will ask whether steps can be taken to put into action Lord Roberts's remark in an article in the January number of the "Nineteenth Century and After":—"I maintain that it is the bounden duty of the State to see that every able-bodied man in this country... undergoes some kind of military training in his youth."

## "NATIONAL HONOUR." SIX SUBMARINE VICTIMS.

Bricklayer Defies the World to Beat  
His Present Record.

Mr. Philip Adshad, of Stockport, annoyed at the statement that American bricklayers are faster than our own, has come forward to defend the national honour.

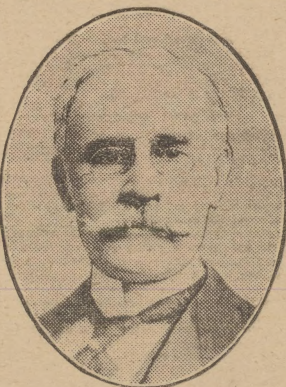
He invites all comers to a contest for the championship of the world, and the sum of £20. He has laid 2,000 bricks in eight hours at Liverpool—in that time a local bricklayer lays on an average 500—and he is prepared for an eight, nine, or ten hours' contest.

He stipulates that the wall to be built shall be nine inches in thickness, and that finish in the work shall be taken into account by the judges. To show that he has endurance he is prepared to lay this number of bricks for six days.

If he carries his own material he will lay, he says, 1,000 bricks in eight hours.

Adshad admits the Americans have done some quick work, but says the bricks used by them are lighter than those handled in this country.

### NELSON TEA PENSIONS' CHAIRMAN.



Mr. Emerson Bainbridge, formerly M.P. for the Gainsborough Division of Lincolnshire, and late chairman of the Nelson Tea Pension Company, the order for the winding-up of which has just been made.—(Elliot and Fry.)

### £800,000 FOR CARS.

Vast Sum Spent in a Few Days Under the  
Roof of Olympia.

Last Saturday's attendances at the Olympia Motor-car Show were 25,000. On Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday there were 20,000, 21,500, 20,000, and 20,700 visitors respectively, and the venture has thus proved to be the most successful automobile exhibition ever held. It is also the biggest.

A prominent builder of motor-cars estimates that up to the present 2,000 cars have been sold at the show, the prices ranging from £150 to £1,000, and the total amount of the week's trading being about £800,000.

The Princess of Wales was among the purchasers. It is prophesied that the English motor-car industry will this year see one of the greatest booms ever known.

### ACTOR'S EXCITING LIFE.

Sir H. Irving Recalls Singular Incidents in a  
Player's Career.

It is more than 150 years since James Quin, the actor, retired from the London stage and went to live at Bath. Yesterday Sir Henry Irving unveiled a monument to his memory erected by the city corporation.

In a speech of some length Sir Henry gave an interesting sketch of theatrical conditions in the eighteenth century. He told how Quin would crack jokes to a restless audience to keep them from rioting when some unpunctual royal personage had kept the play waiting.

When pressed to play the Ghost in "Hamlet," Quin replied: "I won't catch cold behind." This was an allusion to the dress of the Ghost in those days—a morsel of amour in front, and only a waistcoat behind. In that respect, said Sir Henry, the stage had made some progress since Quin's day.

### CIVIC WHITE ELEPHANT.

The Brighton Corporation have decided to let at £1,000 a year the Aquarium, which they bought four years ago for £30,000.

The place has proved a white elephant ever since the purchase, and in three years there was a loss of £10,000.

## SIX SUBMARINE VICTIMS.

Deadly Result of Using Petrol for  
Undersea Navigation.

### WHAT EXPERTS SAY.

The death-roll of the disaster at Queenstown on Wednesday on board submarine A5 has been increased to six by the deaths of Petty-Officer Manley and Pryor.

Lieutenant Good was last night still in a critical condition; the rest of the injured are doing well.

The coroner's jury having been empanelled, the bodies were viewed yesterday, and that of Sub-Lieutenant F. C. Skinner was then conveyed from the hospital to a launch through lines of mourning bluejackets. The launch then steamed slowly down the river to Cork, permission having been given for the body to be brought to England for interment. Admiral Macleod and an escort were on board. The funerals of the rest of the victims will take place at Queenstown to-day, and the inquest also.

Submarine A5's interior still reeks with gasoline, and a canvas windshout has been rigged up on the conning-tower to ventilate the vessel.

### Petrol's Death-knell.

The disaster has evoked a chorus of condemnatory criticism from submarine experts, who see in it the death-knell of the petrol motor for driving submarines.

"Pending the result of official inquiry into this awful event," said a famous submarine expert, "I can only see in it the doom of the petrol motor for this purpose. There can be no doubt that many minor explosions have occurred on British submarines that have never been publicly reported. It was a coroner's inquest or an official inquiry to do that."

"The disaster could not have happened if the motive power of the boat had been some substitute for petrol—alcohol for choice. It is inevitable that some proportion of the gas should always escape into the body of the boat, thereby putting the lives of the crew in peril. Alcohol would be infinitely safer."

"A feature of the affair is the double explosion, the second catastrophe involving further casualties. This is so far wholly unexplained. Some new reservoir of the gasoline may have been exploded—this is the likeliest explanation. Can it be possible that naked lights were incautiously displayed in an atmosphere poisoned by gas, as I have just indicated?"

### No Fatalities in France.

"It is a singular fact that in the French navy, though there have been numberless explosions due to petrol motors, no fatalities have taken place, though in at least one case the crew of a French submarine were overcome, and saved with the utmost difficulty."

"The only incident not to be deplored is the splendid manner in which the hull of the boat withstood both explosions. It speaks volumes for the good building of the English yards."

"In a word, petrol motors for submarine boats are doomed and done for. They must go."

Admiral McLeod has sent a telegram from Queenstown in reply to the King's message of sympathy, expressing the gratitude of the officers and men under his command.

### SLANDER BY SIGNS.

Vicar Makes a Curious Accusation Against  
Mill Workers.

Shoals of congratulatory letters have been received by the Rev. J. H. Wryley, vicar of St. Mary's, Clitheroe, thanking him for his vigorous attack on the lying habit in all classes reported in the *Daily Mirror*.

He gives a curious explanation of how many such letters, stories, spread abroad in Lancashire, originate in the cotton mills.

Not a word is actually uttered. Workers in cotton mills can by their well-known method of speaking by signs and the movement of their lips converse together as long as they can see each other.

Thus scandalous tales are started, and it is difficult to bring them home to anyone, for nothing is easier than to say the movements of the lips had been misinterpreted.

### ADRIFF IN AN OPEN BOAT.

Two privates of the King's Own Scottish Borderers have been rescued, drifting in an exhausted condition, in an open boat about sixty miles from the Northumberland coast.

They went out in a Scottish salmon cable from Berwick on Wednesday and drifted helplessly to sea, suffering terrible privations before they were picked up by a Shields trawler.

## THE FIRST COURT.

His Majesty's Pretty Niece Among the  
Debutantes.

The King and Queen held the first Court of the season last night at Buckingham Palace.

As usual, the first Court is a small one, and more or less a diplomatic and official affair, but last night's function was none the less brilliant for that. Some beautiful dresses and jewels were worn; and there was a very large gathering of important personages.

It was precisely ten o'clock when the National Anthem announced that the King and Queen were on their way to the Throne Room, where the general company was assembled.

### The Royalties.

Preceded by gentlemen-in-waiting, their Majesties came in hand-in-hand, the King in a Field-Marshal's uniform, while her Majesty looked radiantly lovely in a delicate, shimmering gown, and her neck and shoulders covered with jewels, and a long pearl chain, knotted round her throat and falling below her knees.

Next followed the Prince and Princess of Wales, the latter in white with beautiful jewels. The royal circle was a very small one. Princess Christian and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught were absent, so was Princess Victoria. But Princess Charles of Denmark was there, and Princess Henry of Battenberg, in black, brought the heroine of the evening, Princess Ena of Battenberg, who, after being formally presented, took her place in the royal circle.

The young Princess looked charming in soft white mouseline, with a train to match, and a nosegay of white flowers. Her golden hair was artistically arranged with plumes and yells, and her only ornament was a single string of pearls round her neck.

### Rich Dress Spectacle.

The Duchess of Buccleuch, Mistress of the Robes, who stood in the royal circle, wore a gown of black and silver, with a train of Brussels lace.

The ladies of all the duchesses were the Duchess of Sutherland, in palest green and silver, with lovely diamonds. The Duchess of Portland wore white satin, with a train of lace and chiffon, and a bouquet of pink Malmaisons.

The Duchess of Marlborough was a stately figure in soft white, with all her famous pearls, and a cluster of flowers in her hand; the Duchess of St. Albans wore diamond ornaments. The Duchess of Somerset presented a niece, Miss Murray, and the Duchess of Wellington, Lady Eileen Wellesley.

Lady Mary Dawson was presented by her mother, Lady Dartrey, and wore white mouseline over satin, with a satin train, trimmed with daisies. Miss Marjorie Stirling was a pretty girl in white and silver; two fair-haired girls, the Misses Stewart, were dressed exactly alike, while Miss Bruce, presented by Lady Bruce, carried the loveliest bow bouquet of arm lilies.

### COY MYSTIC LIGHTS.

Are They Frightened Away by the Sneer  
of the Sceptics?

The Egryn lights, which have caused so much interest for some days past, refuse to appear again. Mrs. Jones says this is mainly due to the crowds of sightseers who now follow her whenever she leaves her house.

Scientific students say that so long as Mrs. Jones is mobbed by sceptics and others nothing is likely to appear. In other villages, however, the lights continue to show themselves, and on Thursday night they were seen by many at Llanbedr, a village some four miles from Mrs. Jones's home, and in an interesting and hitherto unknown form.

While service was in progress in the little chapel a star the size of a man's hand suddenly appeared about five feet above the roof. It rested a moment and then shot out on either side of itself a dash of light. At the end of each line appeared other stars, and the combined figure remained stationary for two minutes.

Many people saw it, and seem to have agreed as to its form.

Recently the light showed itself on the railway crossing close to Mrs. Jones's house. The only witness described it as follows:

"I was just going to cross the line when the ground at my feet and immediately around me was suddenly lit up. The light was so intense that, though it was a pitchdark night, I was able to see a pin lying at my feet. Its influence extended over a circle ten or fifteen yards wide. Mrs. Jones was several miles away."

### CHANCELLOR'S LIPS SEALED.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain told a deputation on the coal tax from the Miners' Federation he received yesterday that it was obviously not possible to make a Budget statement piecemeal, and he could give no indication of the Government's intentions.

Almost daily he was asked to receive deputations as to the withdrawal or reduction of existing taxation.



Jacques I. Refuses To Pay His  
Commander-in-Chief.

## FARCICAL EVIDENCE.

The majesty of the law, as represented by Mr. Justice Darling and a special jury, was yesterday introduced to the majesty of his Imperial Highness Jacques Premier, Emperor of the Sahara. "Jacques Premier" figured as a defendant, being sued for £166 13s. 4d. by his late Commander-in-Chief, Colonel Graves.

This sum was alleged to have been earned by the Commander during a month in last year when he was at the head of the Saharan army, which had then a paper strength of 106 men.

Before the delicate fiscal problem involved by this claim could be treated by the Court a legal point of international importance had to be settled. Could Jacques, being a Sovereign Prince, be regarded as coming under the jurisdiction of even such an important tribunal as the British Supreme Court? Mr. Powell, K.C., the Emperor's counsel, submitted that the indignity was absurd. Mr. Justice Darling thought otherwise.

"Where is the Saharan empire of which Jacques is Sovereign Prince?" he asked.

### Looked a Warrior.

Speaking in curt, decisive tones the conquering general described how it was that he became a candidate for the commander-in-chiefship of the Emperor's army. He had been a commander-in-chief before, and so possessed the advantage of experience over his rivals. Under his leadership the men of Madagascar were defeated by the French.

The Emperor, according to Colonel Graves, eagerly accepted his proffered services, and offered him £2,000 a year, graciously the while explaining to him the geography of the empire, with its capital, Togo. This happened at the Savoy Hotel, where the Emperor's Court was.

But although the empire possessed an Emperor, a Governor-General, in the shape of Colonel Gouraud, a flag, a Secretary of State, a Chamberlain, and an army of 106 men, there was no Chancellor of the Exchequer. "I wanted to make the Chancellor's acquaintance very much," said the Commander. (Loud laughter.)

Unfortunately the Emperor and the Governor-General fell out. Jacques refused to have anything more to do, not only with the Governor, but with other high officers of state, and Colonel Graves found himself ousted from his commander-in-chiefship.

### Post Laureate Present.

It was some relief from the state of awe to which the mighty warrior had reduced the Court when he was succeeded in the witness-box by the poet laureate of the Sahara, the man who wrote its national anthem, and was going to write its war songs if all had prospered. Fearing that the Judge was about to recite the anthem, the poet, who is a gentleman named Wodehouse, beseeched him not to do so. "I was in mortal terror lest I should be asked to write another," the poet said.

During the progress of the case Mr. Justice Darling made several elucidatory remarks, all of which caused "loud laughter." Here are some of them:

"We know what happens to those who build upon sand.

"I suppose the Saharan flag is yellow because that is the colour of sand.

"This case ought to be set to the music of Offenbach.

"This fellow! That is a nice way to speak of an Emperor!

"The consequences would be serious if the tip-staff of this court were to attempt to arrest the German Emperor or the Sultan of Turkey.

"The evidence of the Emperor, who was last heard of at Rome, was taken 'on commission.'

"Finally the jury returned a verdict for his Imperial Highness.

It was stated at Stratford yesterday that Thomas Wells, a coal dealer, who was fined £2 and costs for sending out an unfit horse, was also a postman. The carman was fined 10s. and costs.

## Soap News

Fels-Naptha saves half the labour of washing and half the wear on clothes.

Other soap is an expense.

Fels-Naptha 39 Wilson street London EC

## Literature and Geography Ransacked to Settle the Question.

What port wine is port, and when, was the serious question upon which Mr. Mahony, a Dublin magistrate, thought fit to deliver a long and learned judgment yesterday.

He quoted Tennyson and the "Encyclopaedia Britannica" to prove his point that port must come from Oporto, and rich tawny Tarragona was not port at all.

Reminding the Court that Lusitania was the old name for Portugal, he culled the following from Tennyson:—

How goes the time? 'Tis five o'clock.  
Go fetch a pint of port.

But let it not be such as that  
You set before chance comers,

But sack, whose father grape grew fat  
On Lusitanian summers.

The red Spanish wine of Tarragona, said the "Encyclopaedia," is a true wine, but procurable at half the cost of the cheapest port made from the vines of the Alto Douro.

O'Gibby's Imperial Dictionary (evidently an Irish authority) defined port as "a dark purple astringent wine made in Portugal, so called from Oporto, whence it is shipped."

After delivering this erudite speech his Worship fined a Dublin firm £2 and costs for selling Tarragona as port.

## HIS MAJESTY OF SAHARA.



M. Jacques Lebaudy, the "Emperor of the Saharan Desert," unsuccessfully sued by his "commander-in-chief" yesterday for a month's salary.

## "AS ONCE IN MAY."

How an Irate Husband Chased a Late Visitor from His House.

"As Once in May" is a song that awakens a strange memory in the mind of Mr. Alfred Saltensall, a commercial traveller. What occurred to him one night last May was told in Sir F. Gorell Barnes's court yesterday, where he obtained a divorce from his wife.

His business naturally kept him away from home a good deal. He returned unexpectedly one night and found the house locked up.

At eleven, it was stated, his wife came home bringing a man named Wilkinson with her.

"Pretending to go in through the window, and chased Wilkinson out by the back door and up the street till he caught him.

Of late, Mrs. Alfred Saltensall has been living with her brother-in-law, Henry, as his wife, and costs were given against him, but the Judge did not think the case against the other co-respondent, Wilkinson, was made out.

## "WHIMSICAL WALKER" VERDICT.

Mr. "Whimsical Walker" yesterday won his divorce suit against his wife, Mrs. Daisy Walker, professionally known as Miss Daisy Baldry. The jury awarded him £150 damages against the actor, Mr. Mack Olive, on whose knee Mrs. Walker admitted she sat in accordance with "theatrical custom."

The counter-suit which Mrs. Walker brought against her husband was dismissed, the jury finding that none of the charges against him were proved.

## A RARE DISEASE.

A death from elephantiasis, a tropical disease almost unknown in England, was inquired into by the Southwark coroner yesterday.

The victim, the wife of a compositor, was stated to have weighed 29st.

Mr. Emerson Bainbridge Welcomes

Inquiry Into Pension Scheme.

## IMPORTANT INTERVIEW.

Nobody knows more about the inner history of the notorious Nelson Tea Pensions than Mr. Emerson Bainbridge, J.P. for Devonshire and Ross-shire, and ex-M.P. for the Gainsborough Division of Lincolnshire. He and Mr. Morris Cotton were the two promoters and tea contractors of the company.

"Is it true, as the tea dealers of Mincing-lane assert, that you have made about £100,000 by your transactions with the Nelson Company?" asked the *Daily Mirror* of Mr. Bainbridge yesterday at his town house in Grosvenor-street.

Mr. Bainbridge's keen black eyes sparkled with amazement and amusement as he replied, "Ridiculous! To be exact, I made £17,000, and, after deductions, my net profits in three years' connection with Nelson's is £12,000. To make this I risked £30,000."

"You have had to do with more lucrative enterprises than this in your time, Mr. Bainbridge?"

"I should say so; otherwise I shouldn't be here."

"Then there is another side to the unfortunate story of the widows who bewail the loss of their pensions?"

"There is. Your visit synchronises with a determination on my part to have all the facts of the case laid bare in the light of day. I have just come from spending an hour and a half with the Official Receiver, and, of course, the inquiry must go on."

### "No Minimum Was Specified."

"Well, the truth will prove that Mr. Justice Buckley was wholly mistaken in his conclusions about the liability of the company. It can be shown that that liability does not amount to thirty pence, to say nothing of the millions the Judge mentioned. The Judge made no allusion to the fact that the company has paid out £650,000 in pensions."

"What the company promised was 75 per cent. of the profits—9d. in the shilling. A maximum weekly pension of 10s. was guaranteed to widows who had purchased one pound of tea per week for a year while their husbands were alive. But no minimum was specified."

"Lately the profits so materially diminished that reductions had to be made, and other concerns, such as soap, drapery, and insurance schemes were started to keep the tea pensions as high as possible. Then came the compulsory winding-up."

Asked about his offer of £50,000 if five-sixths of the customers continued to take tea, Mr. Bainbridge expressed surprise that this should have been construed to mean that he would soon make more than that sum back.

"I had no such idea in my head when I offered the £50,000," he said emphatically. "That was why I did not foresee this interpretation." Mr. Bainbridge is an electric-wire man of more than medium height. He looks about fifty. His hair is sparse and white, and he wears gold-rimmed glasses.

### Multitude of Interests.

He is a colliery proprietor, railway director, philanthropist, with a home for orphans at Seaford, and a prominent supporter of the Young Men's Christian Association. His estates and castles in Ross-shire, Devonshire, and Montene have earned him the reputation of being a millionaire. Yesterday he arrived in London from the South of France and to-day he returns to Montene.

His nominee on Nelson's board of directors was Mr. Jeffries, whom the *Daily Mirror* also interviewed.

"When the company was formed," Mr. Jeffries said, "it was agreed by eminent counsel, including Mr. Asquith and Mr. Rufus Isaacs, that the liability did not go beyond the seventy-five per cent. of the profits." He regretted that the maximum pension of 10s. a week had been mentioned. There should have been no specified amount, and the company could not be held responsible for everything said by 18,000 agents.

Scores of widows had received over £100 who had not bought more than £3 worth of tea. Mr. Jeffries would welcome the most searching inquiry, and had no doubt of the result.

## LASSOED AND ROBBED.

Stopping a man named Sergeant in a dark lane near Bromley, Arthur Mason demanded some tobacco.

On being refused he suddenly threw a piece of rope round Sergeant's neck, pulled him down, and tied his hands behind him. He then rifled his pockets and decamped.

At the Assizes at Maidstone yesterday Mason was sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment.

Gold to the value of £1,181,003 was landed at Plymouth yesterday for London.

## Does It Make Tenants Expect Too Much in Real Life?

"I should like to know if you read novels?"

The question was asked by Miss Amy Adams, who in the Bloomsbury County Court yesterday sued Mrs. Paton, of Queensborough-terrace, Hyde Park, for one week's rent of a cottage at Henley-on-Thames.

"Whatever has that got to do with the matter?" asked Judge Bacon.

Miss Adams: Well, your Honour, I don't know what Mrs. Paton expected. She knew it was only a cottage, and she seems to have expected the sort of cottage which is described in novels.

Judge Bacon: I presume Mrs. Paton is a Scots-woman.

Miss Adams: Don't they read novels?

Judge Bacon: Scotswomen have strict ideas with regard to domestic order. As a rule people who take cottages up there are not so very particular. Your cottage let during the regatta week?

Miss Adams: Yes, your Honour, it had been cleaned throughout just before.

Judgment was ultimately given for Mrs. Paton.

## COMMANDEERED TROUSERS.

£650 Damages for Goods the Boers Took

During the War.

A belated sequel to the South African war appeared in a case heard by Mr. Justice Bray yesterday.

Messrs. Getz Bros., storekeepers at Langbathgate, insured at Lloyd's against war losses from September, 1899, to March, 1900.

During the war, when they had left the Transvaal, the Kafirs looted their stores of trousers, blankets, etc., whereupon the Boer Government seized the goods and served them out to the burghers.

Lloyd's refused to pay, saying the plaintiffs' case was mere guesswork.

But Mr. Justice Bray gave judgment for the storekeepers for £650 on the goods commandeered.

## WATCHED A TRAGIC DRAMA.

Little Boy Watches His Father Fire a Revolver on His Mother.

The Millwall murder was dramatically described by an eleven-year-old boy at the inquest yesterday.

George Duncan, an elderly watchman, returned home early on Wednesday morning drunk, and knocked violently at his young wife's locked door. "I want my two boys," he shouted.

Alfred Duncan, the stepson who told the story, said he peeped out of the door and saw his father loading a revolver.

His father fired a test shot, and, entering the bedroom, said, "Enily, are we always going to lead his life."

He then fired two shots at his mother, the effect of the shot setting his, the witness', nightclothes alight.

Alfred Duncan ran downstairs for the lodger, and in the meantime his father turned the revolver on himself. Duncan is now in the hospital alive but insensible.

The inquiry was adjourned.

## "BAD NEWS" FOR THE KING.

"I waited to see the King go by, but he never came, so I took too much to drink," was Henry Tyson's excuse at West London yesterday for being drunk.

The Magistrate: I hope his Majesty won't hear of this. It would be bad news for him to learn that he had been the cause of your lapse. Pay 2s. 6d.

## SCOTSMAN AND AN "ASS."

"What are you?" said Judge Addison to a very dull witness at the Southwark County Court yesterday. "I'm a Scotsman," was the reply.

His Honour added that the witness was "such an ass that he could not be asked anything."



TO MOTHERS.  
MRS. WINSLOW'S  
Soothing Syrup

FOR CHILDREN TEETHING  
Has been used over 50 years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by all Chemists at 1/4 per bottle.



## RAILWAY BATTLES.

Lord Stalbridge's Duel with the Reformers of the L. & N.W.

## ATTACK ON DIRECTORS.

Lord Stalbridge, chairman of the London and North-Western Railway Company, had a duel with the leading "reform" agitators of the shareholders' committee at the annual meeting held yesterday at Euston.

The "reformers," led by Mr. Burdett-Coutts, had circulated the meeting with a pamphlet describing the policy of the directorate as "one of waste and extravagance, instead of one of economy and efficiency."

His lordship, in his defence of the company, had to deal with serious depreciation in the last half-year's business as revealed by the following figures:—

Available for dividend .....	£2,386,498
Available for dividend, 1904 .....	£2,345,167
Decrease .....	£41,331
Decrease in revenue receipts .....	£97,502
Decrease in expenditure .....	£46,367
Passenger receipts, decrease .....	£2,119
Merchandise, etc., decrease .....	£98,069
Passengers, decrease .....	£40,530
Merchandise and minerals, decrease .....	£36,824 tons

The decreased profits, said Lord Stalbridge, were caused by general depression of trade and the heavy burden placed upon commerce by the great Imperial expenditure.

No railway company but one had adopted the reform proposals which certain shareholders were clamouring for.

## Agitation Injurious.

The "agitation" was injurious to the interests of the concern, and well calculated to reduce the value of their stock.

He revealed the strength of the company as against the "agitators" by the following comparison:—

Proxies in favour of board .....	1904.	1904.
Amount of capital stock .....	£10,759,000	£19,313,135
Votes in favour of company .....	47,453	92,228

The value of stock held by the "agitators" was dropped from £8,000,000 to £5,000,000.

Mr. Burdett-Coutts moved an amendment to the adoption of the report in a vigorous speech. The company, he declared, were absolutely in the hands of their officials. That was the glaring evil of the system.

"Even the mandarins of China are studying the question of ton mileage," opined one of Mr. Burdett-Coutts's supporters amid laughter.

"Accept the reforms," pleaded the Hon. George Peel, "before it is too late."

Despite this, the amendment was carried by a large majority, a poll being demanded.

## LOST 562,000 PASSENGERS.

The Midland Company report that they have lost 562,000 passengers in suburban districts where there is tramway competition, but the chairman said yesterday at Derby that he thought depression of trade had a great deal to do with this decline.

## "WHISKER" AGE PASSED.

Admiral Percy Scott on the World's Finest Gunnery Record.

What is probably the world's record in naval gunnery has just been announced at Whale Island by Captain Percy Scott, whose promotion to the rank of rear-admiral was announced in the *Daily Mirror*.

This feat was accomplished recently by A. Hollinghurst, A.B., who, on the Excellent, made seven hits out of ten shots on a target 6ft. by 8ft. at a distance varying between 1,500 and 1,600 yards.

"Attitude and action in the art of gunnery and whiskers make the man," used to be the motto in the Navy twenty-five years ago, remarked Captain Scott, "but this firing shows that one man has arrived at the standard to which every gunner should aspire."

"Hollinghurst stands now in the proud position of being the only pebble on the beach. He has made the finest firing that has ever been made by anyone in his Majesty's fleet or any other fleet, I am sure."

"We have passed through various stages in the Excellent. In one stage the gunnery was converted into a sort of automatic delivery machine. You put a penny in the slot and he recited the drill-book by heart."

"We have now come to another period," continued Captain Scott, "when practice is the road to gunnery and holes in the target make the man."

"Mind, I say holes in the target, not imaginary or towing target holes. I am going to have this target of Hollinghurst's modelled in silver and presented to the men at Whale Island, with Hollinghurst's name and the date when he made the holes engraved upon it."

"You will all be able to look at it, but I hope it will not remain long the record target."

## ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

Prince Arthur of Connaught has determined to become an expert Army signaller. He has begun a six weeks' course of special training at Aldershot.

The Marquis of Anglesey's Welsh creditors yesterday received a third dividend of 2s. in the £.

In two years the proportion of unvaccinated infants in this country has been reduced from 20.8 to 17.3 per cent.

In Manchester last year, according to official returns just issued, the police found 308 carts in the streets without owners.

His Honour Judge Stonor, who will be eighty-five years old next month, yesterday completed his fortieth year of service on the Bench.

An immense quantity of water has just been discovered at Balcombe, Sussex. It is sufficient for the needs of Mid-Sussex for from five to ten years.

Efforts are still being made to reach the miner who is entombed in the Brandon-on-the-Moor Colliery pit, West Bromwich. Nearly a week has elapsed since the flood occurred.

Gold, silver, notes, and copper to the amount of £63 were found in the house of a Moville (Donagel) woman known as "Little Mary." She fell ill whilst in receipt of outdoor relief, and the money then discovered is now being spent on her support.

The accountant branch of the Royal Navy is to disappear at an early date, and the duties of paymasters are to devolve upon the Royal Marines.

Only two out of the 3,000 inhabitants of the town of Arundel have been summoned for drunkenness during the past twelve months.

In one week eleven steamers landed at Liverpool a total of 4,386 cattle, 4,709 sheep, 54,807 sheep carcasses, and 18,167 quarters of beef.

"Birmingham's Licence Surrender Scheme has cost the Holt Brewery Company £40,000," said the president at the company's annual meeting yesterday.

Boston has just lost a novel licensed house. The chief constable told the licensing justices he had visited it and could not find a drop of either beer or spirits. The licence was not renewed.

"Why cannot they give English names to their machinery instead of bothering us with these French words?" asked Mr. Justice Ridley in trying a motor-car case. "If one goes to a show, or reads a motor journal, it is just the same."

Objecting to the expenses in connection with the recent visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Bradford, one of the council's auditors stated that £1,062 was spent upon the upholstering of an electric car used by the royal visitors. The visit cost the town, he declared, at least £5,000.

## RUSSIAN IMPERIAL FAMILY IN DANGER.



In consequence of yesterday's assassination of the Grand Duke Sergius, the Tsar has taken further measures to protect himself and the Imperial Family against a similar fate. Above is a recent photograph of the Tsar, Tsaritsa, and children.

Accused at Bingley of assaulting his wife, a gorryman said that he had to make the meals, bake the bread, and wait upon his wife like a servant.

Just before the children were due to assemble at Peninver School, five miles from Campbelltown, Argyllshire, yesterday, the building was wrecked by lightning.

Twelve and sixpence per week and 5s. per interment, with leave to take outside work "when business is bad," is the temptation offered to aspirants for the post of local cemetery-keeper at Kilmacolm.

The menu card used at the Sheffield Philatelic Society's dinner, and forwarded to the Prince of Wales, was of unique design. In the centre of the front page was an English stamp, and artistically grouped round it were stamps issued by British Colonies in Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia, and the West Indies.

A Shrewsbury gentleman made the following declaration to the Income Tax Commissioners:—"I, A.B., do declare I have but little money to spare. I have 1 little house, 1 little maid, 2 little boys, 2 little trade; 2 little land, 2 little money at command. By this you see I have children three. Depend on me, A.B."

"Poaching," said a man charged at Kingston with this offence, "is hereditary." He could not give up the habit, however hard he tried, and his family was noted for it.

Members of the National Cyclists' Union are agitating to have the names of every village or town painted on the lamps at the main approaches. This would be a great boon also to motorists and drivers of horses after dark.

A canary belonging to a Durham family has developed into a first-rate talker. Caged in the same room as a parrot, it has learnt to imitate its companion in saying "Pretty Polly. Give us a kiss, Polly," and "Dick, pretty Dick. Polly, Polly."

Ill-luck dogs a certain pair of football boots in Cheshire. They were worn by a Barnston player who broke his leg in a match at Davenham. Two weeks later another Barnstonian, wearing the same boots, fractured a limb. The club thereupon decided to burn the unlucky boots.

Welshmen are quarrelling as to which town shall possess the Welsh National Museum. Carnarvon claims it on the ground that it boasts the oldest charter of corporation in Wales, and also because it need not spend money on a special building, seeing that Carnarvon Castle would suit admirably.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Descriptions of the Principal Photographs in To-day's "Daily Mirror."

## ALL ABOUT THE PICTURES.

## THE HEIR OF THE TSARS.

The terrible events of the past few weeks in Russia have alienated from the Tsar and the Imperial House of Romanoff all the sympathy that otherwise might have been accorded to them in view of the constant dangers to which they are exposed, but none the less the unique photograph on pages 8-9 will probably call forth feelings of pity rather than condemnation.

It is the first photograph ever published of the Tsar with his infant son, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that permission was obtained for it to be made public. The personal permission of the Tsar had to be obtained before the censor would allow the photograph to leave Russia.

It is sad to think that the tiny child has already been the innocent cause of a great deal of trouble and dissension. His coming strengthened the Tsar in his avowed intention to leave the complete dignities of autocracy intact to his successor, and so partly caused the terrible massacres in St. Petersburg and elsewhere. Now it is reported that disagreement as to the best manner of rearing the Imperial infant has led to serious quarrels between the Tsaritsa and the Dowager-Empress. Who but must pity the young life that is already such a bone of contention at home and is burdened by the heirship to a hated throne?

## LOVE LAUGHS AT LAW.

That love laughs at locksmiths has for long been a truism, and it is equally true that it snags its fingers in the face of the law, as is evidenced by the portrait on page 9 of a new-made bride who journeyed 3,000 miles across the Atlantic in order that she might legally marry the man of her choice.

It was owing to the English law that forbids marriage with a deceased wife's sister that Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Allen had to perform such a long journey in order to be made man and wife. They last night on arriving in New York, but sent by a clergyman, the Rev. Dr. Warren, who performed the wedding ceremony at the Broadway Central Hotel.

## MYSTERY OF THE THAMES.

On page 8 we reproduce a photograph showing the dragging operations in progress at Richmond, where it is feared that a murder has been committed and the victim thrown into the river.

The cause of suspicion was a pleasure skiff which was found, when it was taken from its moorings, to be covered with splashes of blood, while a broken rail at the back of the boat suggested that the crime, if such it was, had not been accomplished without a struggle.

Search was at once made for further evidence of what looked like a new tragedy of the Thames, and the river is being dragged in order that any secret it may hold may be brought to light, but up to the present nothing has been discovered.

## NEW BILLIARDS RECORD.

There is nothing that appeals to most of us more than a new record, and therefore the photograph on page 9, which shows H. W. Stevenson making the record-break at billiards will have a special interest.

In fifty minutes Stevenson managed to compile no fewer than 802, while playing against Dawson on a standard table. The break is fourteen in excess of his previous best score, and is the most ever made on a table officially "passed."

Only last month the veteran champion, Roberts, made 821, at Glasgow, but as the table on which he was playing was not officially certified as correct his fine achievement cannot, of course, stand as a record.

**MAX PEMBERTON'S** Thrilling Stories of the Siege of Paris. "A Daughter of the Reds" appears in the February Number of the "London" Magazine. On Sale Everywhere. Price 4½d.



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## Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1905.

### THE RED HAND REAPPEARS.

THE authorities in Russia have been asserting that "all is quiet." They have laughed at the idea of revolution. The whole movement towards reform, they have been saying, was crushed by the lead poured into the peaceful crowds of men, women, and children on January 22.

Yesterday the advanced section of the revolutionary party gave the authorities their answer to this kind of talk. The Grand Duke Sergius, uncle of the Tsar, was blown to pieces by a bomb while he was driving through the streets of Moscow.

Deeply though we detest murder as a political move, we cannot affect to be surprised at this reappearance of the policy of the Red Hand. Nor have we the slightest doubt as to where the responsibility for the Grand Duke's death really rests. It is directly attributable to the attitude taken up by Nicholas II. during the events of last month.

If the Tsar had given his people any sign that he sympathised with them, that he was willing to move with the times, instead of trying, Canute-like, to stay the tide of progress, a wave of loyalty would have passed over Russia; the advocates of assassination would have been afraid to lift their hands.

The Tsar's refusal to admit that the nation had any rights as against the "divine principle of autocracy" gave the physical force party their opportunity. Russia sank in a stupor of despair. Everybody saw that from the ruler and his advisers nothing was to be hoped for. The situation was one which positively invited some such terrible deed as that of yesterday afternoon.

The Grand Duke Sergius has always been a fanatical opponent of modern ideas. To him in particular the Jews owe their inhuman treatment during the reign of the present Emperor. His nature was stern and merciless. He was unpopular among all classes. He held that the Imperial Family were entitled to treat the common people exactly as they pleased.

At this moment, when his body lies mangled and torn beyond recognition, one can only speak of his mistaken ideas, and his appalling end with regret. It is not the time to dwell upon the many acts and sayings of his which caused him to be chosen as the next victim to the unfeeling De Plehve.

Rather let us remember one fact in his favour—that he, alone among the Grand Dukes, opposed the war with Japan, and would have no part in the very shady financial "deal" which led up to it. If only he had carried a little further the principle of "noblesse oblige" which kept his hands clean then!

#### A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Direct appeal to God can only be justified when it is passionate. To come maundering into His presence when we have nothing particular to say is an insult upon which we should never presume if we had a petition to offer to any earthly personage.—Mark Rutherford.

THE King and Queen were deeply moved yesterday afternoon when the news came of the Grand Duke Sergius's assassination in Moscow. Little as they may sympathise with the autocratic theory of government they cannot help sympathising very much personally with their nephew, the Tsar, in his terrible position. When he was last in this country Nicholas II. endeared himself to his royal relatives by his readiness to take an interest in everything, and his simple habits of life. It is only natural that their Majesties' hearts should go out to him in his hour of trial. Furthermore, the widow of the Grand Duke Sergius is a daughter of the late Princess Alice, and, therefore, a niece of our King.

thought very highly of his daughter-in-law's abilities, and he was very fond of her four pretty children. The eldest of these, now Lord Cranborne, is just twelve.

The Junior Lord of the Treasury and Government Whip, Mr. Ailwyn Fellows, also talked of as a likely man for the post Lord Onslow is leaving, is the second son of Lord de Ramsey, and owns more than 4,000 acres in England. Should he become head of a Government office he will cause his subordinates to tremble, for he has cultivated a frigid, English manner and an unflinching gaze, which absolutely prevents humbug in those who have to deal with him. He even succeeded once in crushing the "smartness" of a shop assis-

an occasional garden-party, or to entertain a party to see a royal procession. The Duchess has always lived quietly, and her husband is not rich enough to go in for the social rush—even if he cared to do so.

Mr. Winston Churchill in powerful glasses! Will it add to or detract from the effectiveness of his boyish appearance? Whichever it does, he will have to wear them if his eyes are to be kept serviceable, so he is advised by a famous oculist. Mr. Churchill, by the way, has struck up a great personal friendship, as well as political alliance, with Mr. Lloyd-George. They are much together at the House of Commons. It is expected that, if ever the Opposition should come into office, the leader of the Liberal advanced guard will insist on Mr. Churchill being offered some really important post.

Nobody in the musical world has funnier professional anecdotes to tell than Dr. Cummings, the principal of the Guildhall School of Music, who has just been recommending "Ambidexterity" to his musical students. He has had an especially remarkable experience of people who come to him, without voices, without talent, and expect him to provide them with both. Once a rich man brought him his son, and asked him to try his voice. The son gave a specimen of his powers. He sang hopelessly, and Dr. Cummings told the proud father so. "Never mind," said the father, "I'll send him to the Royal Academy of Music and make a composer of him!"

He has witnessed the most extraordinary scenes on concert platforms. Once he saw an irate gentleman with a bass voice who could not keep up with his accompanist, rush to that unfortunate performer, lay violent hands upon him, and knock him off his chair, roaring out as he did so: "I'm not going to have my singing spoiled by your confounded accompaniment!" Another time Dr. Cummings himself was insulted by a man who sent him his railway fare all in coppers, and wrapped in a red pocket-handkerchief, simply because he had refused to travel third class to the town where a concert was to be given!

The new Lord Kenmare—until his father's death the other day, as Viscount Castlereagh—ought to be very popular in Ireland, where his wife has made her name famous amongst the peasantry as a benefactress. Lady Kenmare's chief interest in life appears, in fact, to be the furtherance of Irish industries. She it was who established, in a corner of the Earl's beautiful estate, the "Killarney Furniture Industry." She has also founded schools to teach girls cooking (a thing, by the way, that no woman one has ever heard of has ever known anything about), laundry, and needlework. Lady Kenmare spends nearly all her time in this world of education at Killarney House.

### A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Sir Antony MacDonnell.

THERE is quite a political fight about him. At present he is Under-Secretary for Ireland, but the relations between himself and the Government are very strained. A Home Ruler in the Government ranks is rather out of place.

To-day Lord Dunraven is to act as his champion in the House of Lords against an attack by Sir Edward Carson, the Solicitor-General.

But, however much they may fight over him, they will both admit that he is a capable man. He proved that in India. The success with which he piloted the North-West Provinces through the famine of 1896-97 won him the G.C.S.I. He was so successful, too, with the difficult Indian land question that the Government set him to work to try and do the same for Ireland.

But he was hardly popular in India, in spite of his good work. When it was announced that his term of office had been extended there was quite a rush of resignations. He does not go out of his way to be nice to his subordinates.

In Ireland he is as much a bone of contention as in the Cabinet, so his popularity varies.

In appearance he is a fierce-looking person, somewhat below the middle height, but well, if not heavily, built, with a very determined nose hidden under a heavy moustache, and a pair of bushy fair eyebrows are drawn low over a pair of glittering blue eyes.

His quick, peremptory manner makes him obeyed, even if it does not win him affection.

#### IN MY GARDEN.

FEBRUARY 17.—To-day was the first spring morning. All night a heavy dew had been falling, and when the warm sun looked down, it was (to the gardener) ideal growing-weather. During a night such as this plants grow with great rapidity. The first crocus opened, the first bud of the white rock-rose.

A crown imperial is now peeping from the soil. The hyacinths, one by one are coming up. Snowdrops, planted in shady positions, still delight the eye.

How the birds have been singing! Soon we shall have grown accustomed to their ceaseless song. Let us listen to them while the melody rings fresh in our ears.  
E. F. T.

### "THE GIANT ISN'T SO BIG AS HE WAS."



Unlike the Hippodrome giant, who is said to be still growing, the House of Commons giant is decreasing in size, much to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's delight. The Conservative majority was once 135. Now it is only 63.

Two candidates are considered by the Parliamentary authorities as possible successors to Lord Onslow's position of President of the Board of Agriculture. The first is Lord Salisbury, who is really better known to old politicians under the title of Lord Cranborne, which he bore during his father's life-time. He is said to have a good deal of his father's ability, but to those who know him he does not appear so talented as his brother, Lord Hugh Cecil, whose speech in the fiscal debate has just made so strong an impression in the House. Lord Salisbury has a curiously brusque, hurrying manner. He speaks at full speed, not allowing himself time for Lord Hugh's delicate ironies. But I should say he was even better suited than his brother for steady work in a Government office.

Lord Salisbury is about forty-four, and looks a good deal younger. He married, about eighteen years ago, a daughter of the late Lord Arran, a sister of Lady Ailie and Lady Esther Smith. Lady Salisbury has quite as much political blood in her veins, so to speak, as her husband, since she is a great-granddaughter of Lady Palmerston, and is descended also from Lord Melbourne. There was an enormous gathering of political celebrities at their wedding. The late Prime Minister

tant in Winnipeg, through which city he was passing on his way to shoot big game in the Rockies.

Mr. Fellows had gone into the shop to buy some fittings for his expedition. The assistant, seeing that there was an Englishman, began to adopt the usual plan of mentioning all the swells who dealt with him in very familiar terms. "Here's some smokeless powder we've loaded for Minto," he said. "I beg your pardon," said Mr. Fellows, freezing him with a stony look. "I said we have loaded some shells for Minto," said the assistant, rather taken aback. "Do you mean his Excellency, Lord Minto?" The question was delivered in such a way that the assistant spoke no more, save on the matter in hand, during the rest of the interview.

One of the most interesting debutantes at last night's Court was Lady Eileen Wellesley, who was "presented" by her mother, the Duchess of Wellington. Lady Eileen is a pretty, very fragile-looking girl, who has been quietly and carefully brought up. Her mother does not entertain very much, and seldom comes to Apsley House—"Number 1, London," as it has been called, on account of its magnificent situation—except to give





## LATEST NEWS IN PHOTOGRAPHS

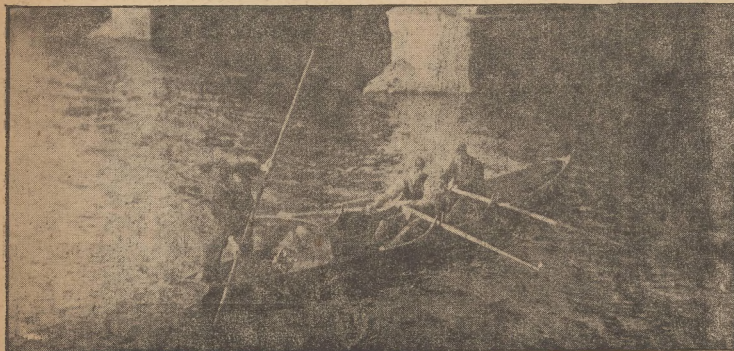
THE EXPLOSION ON THE SUBMARINE A5.



It was from this conning-tower that one of the seamen of the A5 was blown 20ft. into the air during the explosion which occurred on the submarine in Queenstown Harbour. In the left-hand corner appears a portrait of the Commander of the vessel, Lieutenant Good, who was very severely injured.

—(Photographs by Cribb, and Russell and Sons.)

### RICHMOND SKIFF MYSTERY.



On a skiff found at Richmond were blood marks on the seat and sculls, and it is supposed that a tragedy has taken place. The men in the above photograph are seen engaged upon dragging operations at the bridge.

## First Photograph Taken

UNIQUE PORTRAIT OF THE HEIR



A pathetic photograph of the infant Tsarevitch, who, if he lives, must one day be reared in a manner of rearing him. It is ominous of the danger of the position to which the young heir—should arrive from Russia only a few hours before the news of the death of the Grand Duchess Sergius is the sister of the Tsaritsa; a niece of King Edward VII. The photograph got out of Russia was only obtained from the Tsar and the Press Censor after a long struggle.



# the Tsar with His Infant Son.

TO THE TERRIBLE THRONE OF RUSSIA.



occupy the uneasy throne of Russia. The child has been in bad health, and disputes between the Tsaritsa and the Empress Dowager as to the best Tsarevitch is born that this photograph—the first taken of him with his Imperial Highness—of course, an aunt of the Tsarevitch. Permission for this photograph to be published here.” (Copyright strictly reserved by the proprietor.)

## NEWS PHOTOGRAPHS BY EXPRESS



3,000 MILES TO BE MARRIED.



Miss Charlotte Mead, who went to America to be married to her brother-in-law, Mr. Herbert Allen, in order to avoid the restrictions of the English law against marrying a deceased wife's sister.

RECORD BREAK BY STEVENSON.



H. W. Stevenson, the famous billiards player, who has just made a magnificent break of 802 in a match of 18,000 up for £200 against Charles Dawson.

KING'S NEPHEW ENGAGED.



H.R.H. the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, son of the late Duke of Albany, has just become engaged to Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein.

WELL KNOWN TO OXFORD OARSMEN.



Tom Tims, the official starter of the inter-college races, who is a well-known figure on the Thames, is seen here ready to fire one of the quaint guns used for these races.

COUNTESS MONTIGNOSO.



The divorced wife of the King of Saxony. Attempts have been made by the King's agents to take her child, Princess Monica, away from her, but without success.

OXFORD INTER-COLLEGE RACES.



Enthusiastic undergraduates on the river-bank at Oxford following the races, commonly called "torpids," between the various college eights.



My Aunt Jane resembles Mrs. Nickleby, inasmuch as she holds and expresses a vast number of opinions, but she expresses them with a terse vigour and a lack of ambiguity wholly unlike that lady. In spite of her austere code of manners and morals, she has a kindly habit of thinking that country cousins might enjoy a peep of town, and the other day I called at her pleasant house in Eaton-square just after she had returned from a country visit.

I hoped that she had enjoyed herself. "Thank you," she said, weighing her words with a most judicious aspect. "I hoped to have done so. There were drawbacks."

I implored her to divulge the mystery. "I have always been under the impression that animals were created for the use of man," began Aunt Jane slowly, eyeing her terrier so sternly that he shrunk behind the Guardsman's chair, while the cat drew herself up, a picture of conscious virtue. "I well remember reading 'The dog is a faithful friend and servant of man.' That is wrong. We exist to be used to the dog. He is the master, and man is his serf."

"I have known Mabel Langsyde's parents all my life," she resumed more calmly, "though I have scarcely seen her since she married, and I looked forward to meeting her one morning. I arrived at five o'clock, and was immediately assailed by five or six yelping curs. Mercifully I was rescued with only two rents in my dress, and Munnings was but slightly bitten on the ankle."

"Mabel did not overwhelm me with apologies—far from it. Her face was wreathed with smiles. She said: 'The darlings always got so excited when anyone came.' Then why did she set them up?" I thought, and I tried to converse with her as well as I could, with the dogs whining and barking perpetually.

"She said she was afraid that the dogs had had the best of the tea. She was right. They had. They likewise, before my very eyes, had the last of the cream—I got none. I retired as soon as I decently could to my room with a headache from the distressing apparition."

"I hoped that by dinner-time my tormentors might have been dismissed to the stables, but they were not."

They roamed about at dinner, taking our dresses with their claws, unbeknowned; and, as a climax, on the dinner-table, Mabel, with her own hands, prepared for them a mess, disgusting enough to deprive the most hardened of their appetites.

Aunt Jane, who had unconsciously raised her voice with each item, now sat silent for a moment, absorbed in painful recollections. Then she went on: "I had looked forward to having a good chat with Mabel over old times. It was impossible. 'Unable to get a quiet moment with her in the house, I suggested a walk. Never shall I forget that walk—never!' We started alone, as far as human society was concerned, but a mob of the canine species rushed after and round us from all sides. I know not their exact number—to me there seemed at least fifty, of all kinds and species, whirling about us."

"This is how Mabel talked:—  
"I am so glad to have you with us. My mother in her last illness said—(Come to heel, you brute! Boudhu is always after the rabbits if I take my eye off him, and Jim gets awfully angry about it).  
"I am glad your mother thought of me," I returned.  
"She was one of my—"  
"Here, without any warning, Mabel nearly split

my ear-drums with the most piercing yell to Snap I had ever heard. No apology was made for the shock or the interruption, which left me too disconcerted to speak, but she took up the tale about her mother, interspersing it continually to scream to her dogs.

"Then three of her train set upon a poor child carrying her father's dinner, and as Mabel did not interfere I flew to the rescue and beat them off with my umbrella. She warned me that they might turn on me, to which I replied that I could not see a child terrified to death, even to please a dog. We might have grown a little warm, but two or three rollicies came round the corner, and they all fought. I hurried away. I confess I did not feel equal to the situation."

"Looking back once, I saw Mabel standing in a cloud of dust and dogs, bawling, and cracking her whip, and even her voice was nearly drowned in a hurricane of howls and shrieks. She seems to have lost all powers of conversation, all ordinary civility in this insane passion for the brute creation. I look back upon a chaotic vista of discomfort and uproar; my voice is still strained from the effort to make myself heard above a din; and poor Munnings has hurt herself by slipping on a marrow-bone, left on a stair! O, the peace of one's own house after it!"

"One day," said Aunt Jane, "I shall hold a meeting to protest against the discomforts we suffer from the lower orders of creation. On my banners I shall have inscribed: 'Why am I to be a cat's hall-porter?' 'Ought postmen to be bitten?' 'Are animals for man or man for animals?' I expect that meeting will be largely attended."

## THE DUCHESS OF ALBANY.



M.R.H. the Duchess of Albany is the mother of the Duke of Saxo Coburg-Gotha, who announced his engagement on the eve of her birthday.—(Photograph by Kiseack.)

I wanted to see. You always know all about everybody, and I'm shamefully ignorant of all my friends' movements, and there are heaps of things I want to know. Are you free? Do come and lunch with me!"

Lady Larnie was delighted, as women always were when so powerful a person as Lady Betty Somerville singled them out for especial favour and attention. She was a young and very lovely woman, fair as an angel, with wonderful dark eyes and red, pouting lips. Rumour credited her with an exceedingly devoted and lenient husband—Lord Larnie was middle-aged and a politician—also with a somewhat flighty disposition, and the commission of certain follies that only her exalted position and her powerful and tolerant friends shrouded in a garment of fortunate obscurity.

"It's awfully good of you, dearest Lady Betty," she replied, accepting the invitation with alacrity and a charming smile, which was a study in childlike and unclouded innocence. "I shall love it. It is so hopelessly boring in London just now."

Lady Betty hailed a hansom.

"We will drive to Claridge's," she said. "My cook is taking a holiday, and the meals at home are appalling."

When they were settled at a small table in a corner of the restaurant, and Lady Betty had ordered lunch, she began her catechism.

"I feel I ought to ask first what you are doing in London," she said. "It is so unusual to see you anywhere at the wrong time."

"Oh," Lady Larnie answered, after a second's hesitation, "I—I am waiting for my sister. We are going down to Monte together. Geoffrey, my husband, is shooting in Scotland, and I hate sport, you know, and mist and gloom depresses me unutterably. But you, Lady Betty! Surely the same thing applies to you?"

"Oh, I've just come from the South," was the prompt answer. "I went down early, because I

## WHERE IS THE S.P.C.A.?

The way animals are beaten in some of our markets is absolutely frightful.

Only the other day I saw some bulls whose sides were bleeding from the prodding they had received. Can nothing be done to enforce the law?  
H. WEARN.

Lindfield, Sussex.

## A PREVENTABLE NUISANCE.

I am an inventor of a smoke-curing apparatus. I have it at work on some of the great railway companies' premises here in London. It is a perfect cure, not a partial one, yet it is most difficult to get factory owners to adopt it, simply because the authorities are not strict enough. When fines are inflicted the amount is so small.

I have no wish, sir, to obtain a cheap advertisement. I am giving you these facts merely to show that the evil can be remedied. We can have a "Smokeless London," only it must be made compulsory on manufacturers and others to have a clear chimney-top.  
ADVANCE.

## THE MYSTERIOUS LIGHTS IN WALES.

Superstition is indeed a hardy plant. Twenty centuries of Christianity have not uprooted it. The letter of Mr. Heald in your yesterday's issue is sufficient proof.

It is indeed a marvel that in these days, when scientific knowledge is the property of so many, that one person can be found to believe in the supernatural origin of the lights alleged to have been seen in Wales.

If we are to treat Mr. Heald's statements seriously, we must expect to see mysterious lights playing around the heads of performers on some variety stage. It would not be difficult to arrange this harmless diversion—by some trickery—just as the Welsh lights are produced.  
R. W. JINKINGS.

I know a good deal of the wonders that can be performed with the aid of chemistry. I am well versed in spiritism, and have made strange discoveries in the field of psychology, and others in human electricity, yet I maintain that the phenomena of these mystic lights are altogether beyond and above these sciences.

I should be more satisfied, however, if Mrs. Jones and a few reliable friends were to hold two or three meetings at another place, unknown to anybody else, and see whether the lights would still follow her. DR. HAMEL DE MARIN (Count).

The Lodge, Sussex Villas, Kensington.

## "SEEKING A SIGN."

We have read your excellent article under this heading, and we should like to interpret for your readers who are seeking a sign the twenty-eighth verse of Matthew chapter xxiv.: "For whosoever the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together."

The whole of this chapter deals with the second coming of the Son of Man, and foretells the conditions of the world at this present time. The interpretation is as follows:—Supernatural religion is dying, and its vital spark we have in evidence in Wales, London, and elsewhere, and the eagles (parsons) are hovering over the carcass.

ALFRED GLADWELL,  
H. PARIS-BROOKES,  
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## CATESBYS' CORK LINO.

THE ASPECT of your home will be immediately improved if you cover the floors with CATESBYS' CORK LINO. Oilcloth and cheap substitutes may appear acceptable for a few weeks, but after that the trouble starts; first the colours fade and the material turns shabby. On the other hand, CATESBYS' CORK LINO wears for years and gives splendid service to the end.

Samples and Booklet free; and you can buy on Easy Terms or secure 2s. in the £ discount for cash. 3 yds. by 3 yds. of CATESBYS' CORK LINO for 15s. 9d. Other sizes and prices in proportion. Carriage paid.

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AND QUIET NIGHTS  
TO MOTHERS, NURSES, INFANTS,  
AND INVALIDS.

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SUPREME IN QUALITY

**PETER'S**

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does half the washing by soaking, the other half by rubbing.

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## A MAN IN A MILLION

By CORALIE STANTON  
and HEATH HOSKEN.

### CHAPTER XXXVII.

It is unwise ever to believe a man will do what you expect him to.

Lady Betty Somerville returned to England in the second week in November. Her servants thought the end of the world must be coming when they received orders to make the house in Green-street ready for their mistress, who had spent part of the winter in London ever since they could remember.

"I suppose I shall be bored to death," Lady Betty said to herself, as she drove from the station in her comfortable motor-brougham. "There won't be a soul in town, and I shall probably get bronchitis; and it will serve me right for being an interfering and interfering old woman. But I'm too anxious and too curious to stay away. I suppose it's having no business of my own that makes me poke my fingers into other people's pies—their most private pies, into the bargain. Well, I can't help it. I can't stand by and see all these people's lives spoiled for lack of a little common sense."

The very next morning, as Lady Betty walked in Bond-street, thinking how cold and blue the people looked, and how triste the shops were, and how dowdy the woggles, and what a fool she had been to come away from the sunny Riviera just because she wanted to fix up other people's business for them, she met a woman, also on foot, whom she immediately pounced upon with her usual brusque but gracious manner.

"My dear Lady Larnie, you're the very woman

(Continued on page 11.)



The Grand Duke Sergius Was  
Always Polite, Even When  
Most Cruel.

## HATRED OF FOREIGNERS.

Was at the Back of the Oppression of  
Unorthodox Religious Sects.

The Grand Duke Serge Alexandrovitch, the most universally hated man in Russia, the resolute opponent of all the popular movements which have been aroused during his lifetime, has fallen a victim to the usual fate of those who walk with their eyes bandaged near the precipice of revolution.

Like his father, the Tsar Alexander II., he has paid with his life the penalty of his obstinacy.

### GRAND DUKE VLADIMIR,



Whose policy of repression has caused the revolutionists in Russia to resort again to assassination.

Sergius Alexandrovitch was born in 1857. He was the third son of the Tsar Alexander II. and Princess Marie of Hesse-Darmstadt.

He was educated for a military career in the spirit which Russian rulers advocate for all those who may possibly have power—he was taught, that is to say, that power was his by divine right.

The young Serge Alexandrovitch soon became extraordinarily devout. He was greatly influenced all through his life by the Procurator of the Holy Synod, M. Pobiedonostzeff, who bound him with the most convincing arguments to the cause of orthodoxy. Consequently the Grand Duke was harder even than his far from benignant colleagues upon anybody who could not see that the only road

to salvation lay through the Orthodox Church. In particular he showed himself a determined hater of the Jews, and it was mainly through his influence that they have been consistently harassed and persecuted during the reign of Nicholas II.

Coached by M. Pobiedonostzeff and with his eyes very wide open, the Grand Duke soon began to pave the way for power. His first great chance came to him after the accession of Alexander III., father of the present Tsar.

Alexander thoroughly approved of Serge's principles, and to show his approval, he entrusted his son Nicholas, then a youth of eighteen, to his friendly care and tuition.

That was Serge's first great opportunity, and he availed himself of it with remarkable ability.

Then came the death, in 1894, of Alexander III., and Nicholas II., Sergius's pupil, came to the throne.

Sergius gained a firmer grip than ever over him by his marriage, for he managed to bring about the Tsar's marriage to his own wife's sister.

### HIS RISE TO POWER.

He was now one of the most important men in Russia. He was made Governor-General of Moscow, and was consulted on all questions of State; his "principles" were to be acted upon.

How did he act upon them? What were these wonderful principles?

They involved the absolute destruction of all the alien elements in the Russian polity. Jews, Roman Catholics, Protestants, Liberals, Freethinkers—all were resolutely swept away by Sergius.

The only action of Sergius's which ever gained the approval of the more enlightened and less orthodox people was his resolute opposition to the war. And that he opposed because he had no financial cards to play in the Far East.

Tall, with a neatly-trimmed beard, and rather attenuated features, the Grand Duke was by no means a disagreeable man in appearance. As a politician, as an official with a steely grip upon thousands of miserable people, he was as bad as any of his blinded class.

The assassin who has put an end to him has aimed at the official as distinct from the man. Good manners cannot make up for tyranny.

The men and women whom Sergius sent to Siberia were not to be appeased by the fact that he banished them with a bow, and a wave of his white-gloved hand.

### GENERAL TREPOFF,



Who was appointed to "quiet" St. Petersburg after the recent massacre, and who is reported to have been warned to beware of assassination himself.

## A MAN IN A MILLION.

(Continued from page 10.)

comment. He came sometimes, but oftener he stayed away.

Her beating, restless, never satisfied heart would have been a pitiable spectacle if it could have been unveiled; but a sad one, too, for she was young and lovely, and had a good husband, and a charming boy at school. But nobody guessed the bitter seriousness of the thing, least of all Anthony Heron himself.

"In town, is he?" exclaimed Lady Betty. She looked rather sharply at her guest's beautiful face, which was bent, Lady Larne's eyes being fixed on her plate as if the dissecting of her sole were the most important thing in the world. The flush that had mounted to the fair cheeks at the mention of Anthony Heron's name had not escaped Lady Betty's sharp eyes. "That is good," the elder woman went on, "because I most particularly want to see him. Is he going to stay in London all the winter?"

"I—I think he said he was going to motor down to the Riviera soon," said Lady Larne. She had her voice completely under control. "I'm sure he wants a holiday," she added. "He's been working frightfully hard."

Lady Betty's scrutiny grew sharper still. She disguised it under the pretence of admiring her guest's gown, and her beautiful sable stole. She noted the faintly-knitted brows, the swift, nervous movements of the white, ring-laden hands, and the other many little signs that skilled eyes may easily read—signs of restlessness and dissatisfaction, and of an unquiet soul. Lady Larne had said a few moments ago that she was going to Monte Carlo; now she said that Tony was going to the Riviera, too. Lady Betty had, of course, heard the joke

about Lady Larne being in love with Tony Heron.

What if there were something in it? Her manner was certainly queer. Was she going to make a fool of herself, and was the man encouraging her?

Lady Betty grew furious at the thought—furious, for once, with the man who had it in his power to do so much harm and apparently did not scruple to use his power, and always struck when he might have spared. She was particularly angry, because the idea did not fall in at all with the plans that she had made and matured down in the South.

"And the next person I want to ask you about," she went on, "is Harry St. Peter's. Where is he?"

"In Scotland, entertaining big parties, as the papers put it, 'with a hospitality regal in its lavishness and splendour,'" Lady Larne smiled.

"Don't you read the papers, Lady Betty?"

"Never," said the elder woman. "I don't generally want to know where my friends are. What's Tony been doing lately?"

"I—I don't know; I haven't seen him for ages—only in theatres and restaurants, I mean." There was a look of hopeless misery in the poor woman's eyes, so hopeless that she could not conceal it. Lady Betty saw it, and pitied her; but she was glad at the same time, because it did not look as if there were any secret understanding between them.

Then suddenly she saw Lady Larne's beautiful eyes flash and the flush on her cheeks deepened.

"There is Tony," she said with forced calm.

"He's just come in."

The younger woman was facing the entrance. Lady Betty turned in her chair and saw Anthony Heron walk into the room. He was looking as handsome as ever, and as boyish, and that quiet, utterly self-reliant air sat on him just as gracefully, as it did of old.

He was not alone. He was accompanied by a girl. She looked very young and was enor-

## RUSSIANS' APPEAL TO THE BOMB.

A Reign of Terror for the Rulers  
of the Tsar's Country.

## MANY ASSASSINATIONS.

Russian political history, since the dawn of the twentieth century, has been blood-marked on every page.

Since 1901 seven high-placed officers have fallen victims of the revolver and bomb.

To the following list the name of the Grand Duke Sergius must now be added:—

M. Bogolipoff, Minister of Education, February 27, 1901.

M. Sipiaguine, Minister of the Interior, April 15, 1902.

General Bogdanovitch, Governor of Ufa, May 19, 1903.

General Bobrikoff, Governor of Finland, June 17, 1904.

M. de Plehve, Minister of the Interior, July 28, 1904.

Herr Johansson, Procurator of the Finnish Senate, February 6, 1905.

M. Sipiaguine, who was shot four times in the vestibule of the Council of the Empire, in St. Petersburg, said as he was dying:

"Why am I murdered? I am not aware of having done any harm!"

### THE IRON-HANDED MINISTER'S DEATH.

M. de Plehve, the iron-handed Minister of the Interior, was blown to pieces by a bomb as he was driving through St. Petersburg on July 28 last year.

Only a month before he had said:

"My police easily control the Nihilists—every one of them is known."

A ragged man standing in the door of a café threw the De Plehve bomb.

"If the Government persists in its present policy M. de Plehve's successor will meet with the same doom," he told the police.

Truly death lies in wait in the streets for the rulers of Russia—De Plehve, Grand Duke Sergius, Alexander II., all went to their fate driving through the streets.

Alexander II., father of Sergius and grandfather of Nicholas II., was blown to pieces on March 13, 1881.

His assassination thrilled all Europe. The manner of it was deadly and deliberate. As his carriage was being driven along the banks of the Catherine Canal about two o'clock in the afternoon of March 13, a dynamite bomb, thrown by a student named Ryssakoff, burst beneath it, wounding a Cossack and some persons standing near.

Saying "Thank God, I am untouched," the Tsar stepped from the carriage unhurt. Ryssakoff was already in the hands of the police.

Scarce had he set foot on the pavement when a blinding flash of light enveloped him. A second bomb had fallen at his feet, tearing his head, his knee, and his back, and in another hour he was dead.

Of attempted assassinations there have been many. Most notable was the "whiff of grape-shot," which nearly ended the career of Nicholas II. at the Feast of the Epiphany last month.

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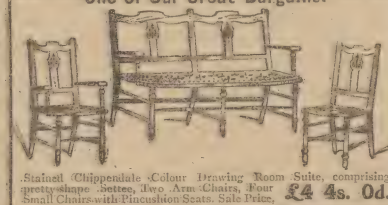
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# "MY DIARY," BY DICK.

DICK IS GREEDY, AND IS NEARLY CHOKED.

"Rain, rain, go away, come again another day," Friday it rained. Saturday it rained hard again. I'm sick of rain. Mabel, Jane, and I knelt on the nursery window-sill, and wished there had been some flies to catch, just for something to do. In the summer we make little cages out of two round pieces cut off a cork, with pins stuck all round the edge. If you put in a bluebottle he buzzes like mad until you lift up two of the pins to make a door and let him out.

I always feel inclined to do something naughty on a wet day, unless mother or nurse think of a treat.

Luckily, mother came up in the nursery and said: "Here's a wet day. This would be a good opportunity for you children to try the stove Aunt Buzz gave Mabel at Christmas." Mabel flopped off the window-sill, and danced round the table. "Cooking," I said. "All very fine for girls."

"But the best cooks are men," said mother. "I will make you a cap and apron, Dick, and you



Above is shown this week's best picture filled in by a boy. A little girl was first last week. Who will come in head of the list next time?

will look like a chef." "What's a chef," I asked, "an animal?" "No, silly boy, the French for a man-cook. Hasn't Miss Barnes taught you that?"

Mother sent some notes round to ask Bobby Spooner and Pip to come, and Mabel and I collected the things for a feast. When Bobby and Pip arrived there were we in caps and aprons bowing at the nursery door. Such a surprise for them. Mother dressed them up, too, and then we began to do the cooking. Mother had a tiny plum-pudding made for us, and we had some soup, because there was a soup tureen. As a rule, I hate soup. Mabel Jane insisted on inviting Miranda to the party. Babyish idea. I refused to

sit down to table with a doll. I knew Mabel Jane would be talking nonsense to it all the time. She always will have her way, though, and she put Miranda on a chair. Bobby and I dipped her under the table.

Of course Mabel told mother, and mother put it to the vote whether Miranda should come or not. The rest of us all voted against it, so Miranda had to take a back seat, to my great joy.

At last the feast began. Bobby and I soon got sick of sipping the soup out of the silly little tin spoons, and drank it out of our plates. Mabel Jane promptly wept. And Pip sat very upright and looked shocked. Pip is always rather proper and shy with company, and mother had only just gone out of the room.

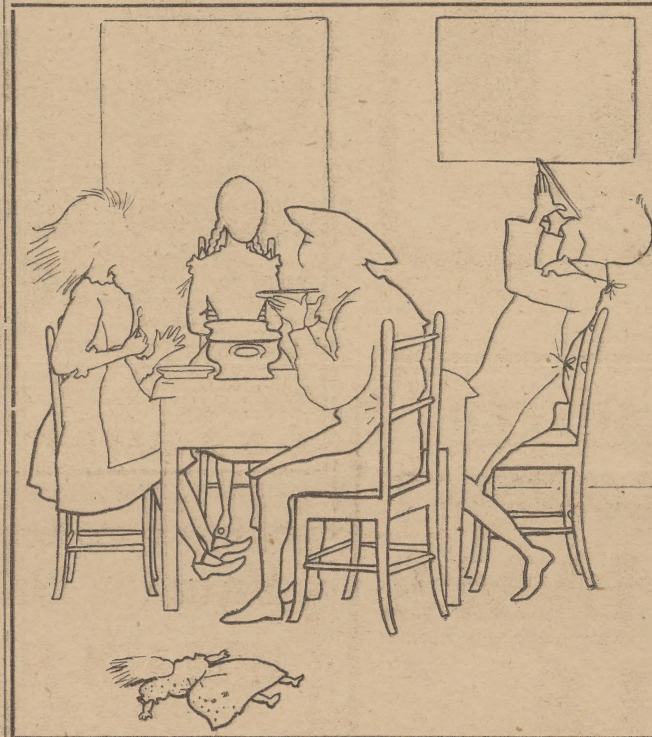
"You are not to do that, Dick and Bobby. You are spoiling the party," screamed Mabel Jane. Bobby winked at me, and I laughed and handed my plate up for some more. "I shan't help you unless you promise to take it properly with

your spoon," said Mabel Jane. "Oh, you won't, won't you?" I answered. "Then I'll drink it out of the tureen," and I seized the tureen by the handles and took a gulp. Unfortunately one of the little bits of bread in the soup stuck in my throat, and I choked.

Nurse came and patted me gently, but she wouldn't hit hard enough. I couldn't breathe, and I couldn't speak. It was awful. I tried with all my might to say, "Hit harder, hit harder," and not a sound would come. I looked up and saw mother standing in the doorway with a terrified face and pointing at me and calling out, "He's choking, he's choking," but not a word could I say to her either. Then she rushed at me and banged me on the back, and at last I breathed again.

I asked her afterwards if I might have died, and she said of course I might.

That all comes of Mabel Jane being so annoying. She said it all came of my having such bad manners. I'll pay her out for that.



This picture shows Dick and his friend, Bobby, drinking soup out of their plates. Every child who wants to be a prize-winner in this competition must fill the drawing in and send it to the "Daily Mirror." See conditions in the last column.

## A MAN IN A MILLION.

(Continued from page 11.)

Lady Betty went out, followed by the woman who had stood beside her like the pet at the gate, and who would have given her soul to have given that invitation and have it accepted in the same way.

Despite the fact that her cook was taking a holiday, Lady Betty managed to have a perfect little dinner served that night. She asked no one else, as she explained to Tony, because she wanted to talk to him.

Now that she saw him close, she thought he looked a little worn, and that a more constant gravity sat on his handsome features. He said that he had been working night and day, and that, no doubt, accounted for the change.

Neither of them touched on any personal topic until they were installed in the boudoir-den, with coffee and cigarettes, and Lady Betty switched off most of the brilliant lights in deference to his well-known horror of the unshaded glare.

"Who was the girl you were with this morning?" Lady Betty then asked abruptly.

"Miss Verner," he answered with a little smile. "She's too tall, isn't she?"

"Why didn't you introduce her to me?"

"I thought her accent might shock you."

"She is an American?" Lady Lorne told me she was.

He nodded.

"She also said that her father was utterly impossible."

"So he is; but he knows more about trusts than any living man."

"And what on earth are you doing with them, Tony? You of all people!"

"Well, I'm doing some business with the father."

"And are you going to marry the daughter? I hear you are seen everywhere with her."

He smiled again rather mischievously. "No, Lady Betty, I'm not. To tell the truth, I take Miss Sadie about more as a protection than anything else. She's so tall."

"I understand," retorted Lady Betty drily. "To keep the others off. How women do spoil you, Tony! But they talk, as well."

"Miss Verner doesn't mind in the least. We're very good friends. As a matter of fact, she wouldn't marry me if I begged her to on my knees. On the Continent nothing but a royal prince would satisfy her. With us, I think she might be content with an English duke."

"Why are you always with the girl, then, my dear Tony?" asked Lady Betty, with a mixture of vexation and amusement in her tone.

"Well, you see, Lady Betty, I do it to please her father. He is what Lady Lorne calls impossible, and he has no time for anything but 'hustling,' and he doesn't know anybody, and he wants Miss Sadie to see all the sights. So he handed her over to me. He won't even show up at restaurants. You see, he is a confirmed dyspeptic, and lives on weird messes, and, although I believe he has a million pounds a year, he won't pay for a dinner that he can't eat. And who shall blame him? Besides, she's a nice girl, and we get on very well. She has a wonderful head for business, and knows almost as much about trusts as her father does."

"And you're really not going to marry her?"

"Lady Betty," he said, with sudden seriousness, "you know the only girl I shall ever marry."

"Haven't you got over that yet, Tony?" asked Lady Betty incredulously.

"If you mean, have I forgotten her—no. And I never shall."

"Oh, Tony, don't say that!"

"And my life will be a burden to me until I see her again." He spoke in a low, fierce voice, almost as if to himself.

"Tony, you mustn't say that!" cried Lady Betty.

His words had suddenly plunged her into the middle of tragedy again.

"But I mean it. I hope you are satisfied with what you have done."

"Oh, Tony, that's not fair!"

"No, I know it isn't," he said more gently. "I am a brute. But you must forgive me. I am telling you the truth. Life's a miserable thing."

"You must crush all thought of Joan Tempest out of your mind," said Lady Betty firmly.

"I have been trying to for six months, in vain."

"She is going to marry Harry St. Peter's."

He turned on her a look tigerish in its sudden fury.

"Is she? Is it settled?"

"No, but she must—obviously. It's the right thing. You must see that for yourself. And you must go away, Tony, for a bit. You want a rest. You have been working too hard."

"I'm going," he said. His voice was sullen, forbidding. "I'm going to Monte in the vain hope of amusing myself. But before that I've got some visits to pay. First of all I am going to shoot with Cardiff, at Perivale."

Lady Betty sat up in her chair as if she had received an electric shock.

"You're not, Tony!" she cried frantically. "You can't go to Perivale!"

(To be continued.)

## AWARD OF MERIT.

WHAT OUR YOUNG READERS HAVE CONTRIBUTED.

How wonderfully well you draw, girls and boys, both little and big! I quite wish I could give a prize to each, and indeed, where so many are good, it is quite difficult to say which is best. One excellent attempt is sent from a dear little boy in a hospital. Another picture comes all the way from Cannes. Last week the largest number of clever pictures were sent in by girls, but this week they have come from the boys. The best picture is by

EDWARD DAVIDSON (aged thirteen),

27, Hazel-street,  
Stretford-road, Hulme,  
Manchester.

Among others who have also made capital drawings are Willie Edwards, Joyce Burges, Beatrice Clark, and Florence Holes.

On this page is another outline drawing of the little people in our story. We want each young reader to finish it off with pen or pencil. Then write their age, name, and address on a piece of paper, and paste it with stamp paper or pin it to the picture. Pack it in an envelope addressed "Children's Competition," *Daily Mirror*, 12, Whitefriars-street, and post it so that it reaches here on Wednesday morning at latest. We shall announce the name of the sender of the best picture next Saturday, and publish another outline to fill up. When the story is finished there will be prizes given to those who have sent in the best pictures all through.

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